

NO.
30

TOP-NOTCH

NOV.

10¢

Laugh

comics



HURRAY FOR
POKEY,
SUZIE AND
SNOOP.

THEY MAKE YOU
LAUGH UNTIL YOU
DROOP, SENOR
SIESTA RATES
YOUR CHEERS,

AND SO DO
WE THE THREE
MONKEY TEERS

MONTANA



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

CONTENTS PAGE



NOVEMBER 1942 ★ NO. 30

POKEY OAKEY... Memo to retired gangsters, footpads, bootleggers, etc.: Why not live a life of ease and comfort? Come to Catfish Creek where you can relax and take things easy without any worries — as long as Pokey Oakey is the sheriff. **PAGE 3**

EDITOR'S PAGE... Your name and picture may be on this page. Turn to it and see **PAGE 12**

BLACK HOOD... The Son of the Skull! The Dude! The Bruiser! Each formidable enough to strike terror in the staunchest heart. All swearing bloody revenge on their mortal enemy — The Black Hood! And all combine to form a fearsome trio, an unholy trio, in their "Quest for Revenge" **PAGE 13**

THE MURDEROUS VAMPIRE... A Black Hood story. **PAGE 23**

SEÑOR SIESTA... We take it back. Señor Siesta isn't the screwiest guy in South America. He's the screwiest guy on this entire planet **PAGE 24**

SNOOP McGOOK... Ever try whistling your way past a graveyard? Well, Snoop McGook, the screwy sleuth, practically whistles his way *into* one, as *The Whistlers* measure him up for a coffin. **PAGE 30**

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL... A Snoop McGook story. **PAGE 35**

GLOOMY GUS — THE HOMELESS GHOST... If you notice any loose bodies lying around, you might tell Gus about it. He needs one, but definitely! **PAGE 36**

SUZIE... Scientists insist that every human being has at least *some* intelligence. These scientists haven't met Suzie. Laugh with your favorite dumb damsel as she almost prevents herself from becoming quite a stupendous success. **PAGE 42**

TOP NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME... Meet the first boy hero of World War II — Frank Simons, gallant fifteen-year-old Britisher whose bravery in the face of death reflects the fighting courage of his countrymen. **PAGE 49**

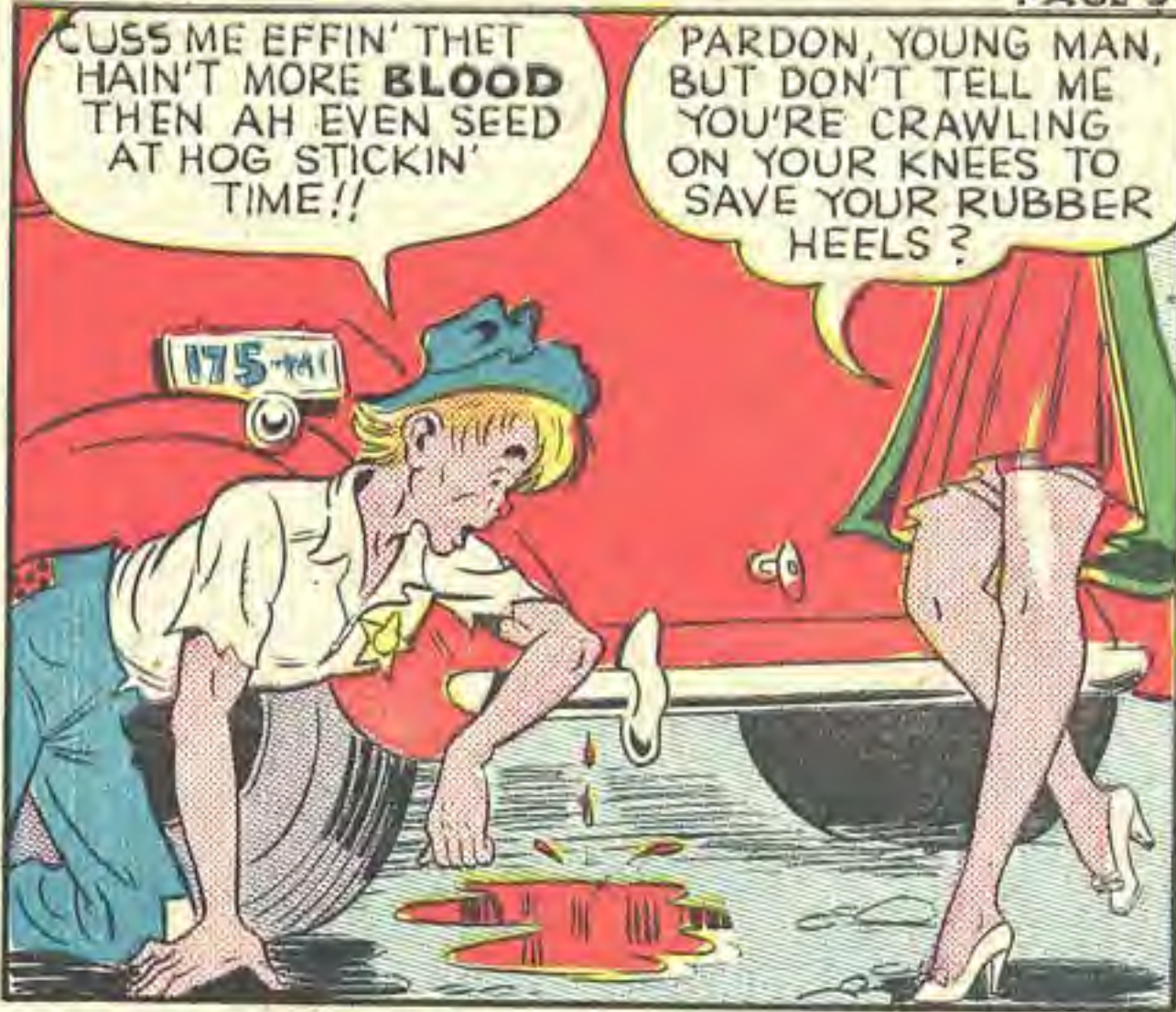
3 MONKEYTEERS... What? You feel sorry for Yehudi, Small fry, and Sassafra, being led by gangsters into a career of crime? Read the story, and you'll feel sorry for the gangsters. **PAGE 55**

PERCY... Breathes there a reader with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "This guy Percy gets in *more* trouble...!" **PAGE 61**



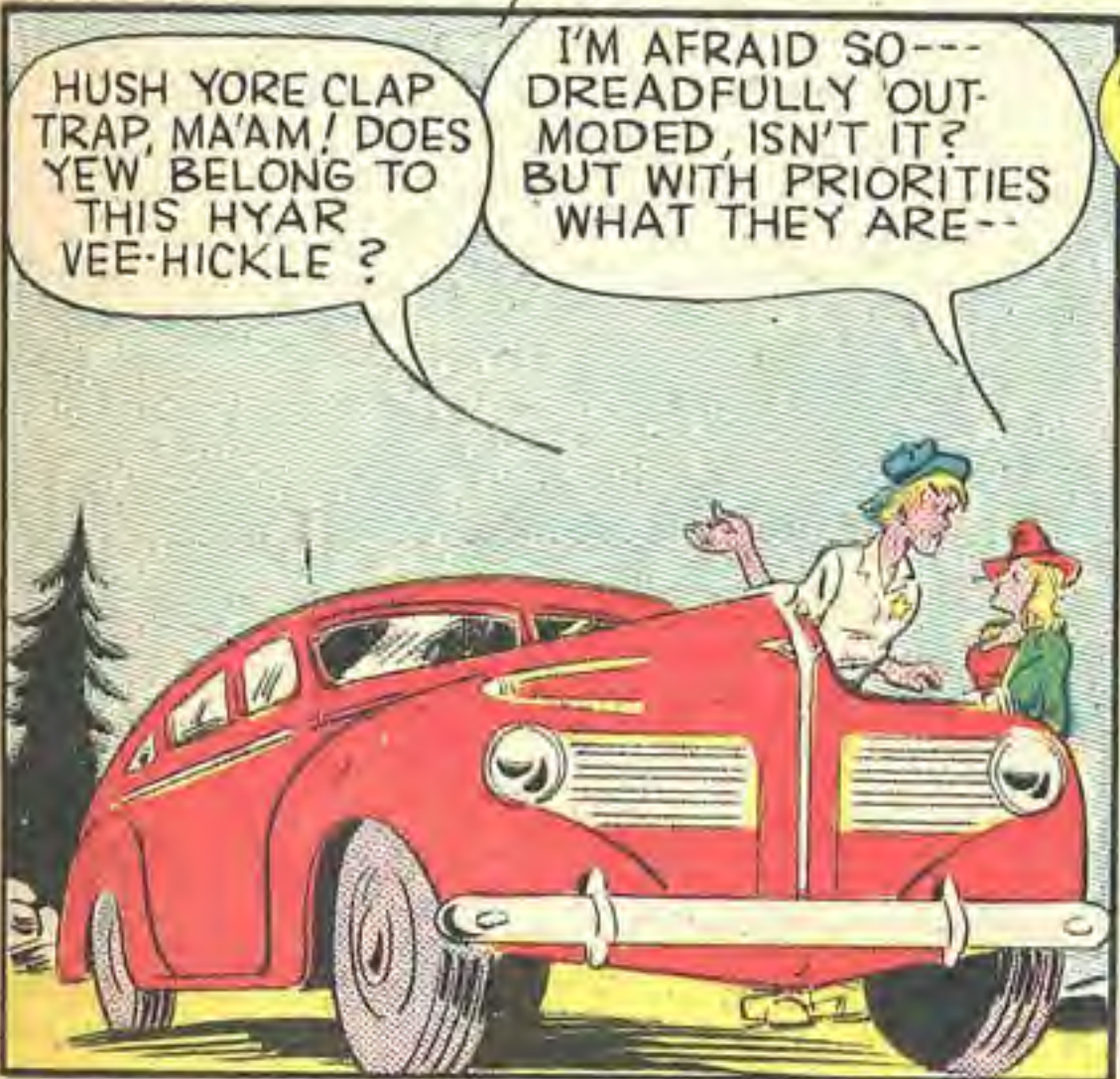
AS HE IS ABOUT TO PLACE A TRAFFIC VIOLATION TICKET UPON A STRANGE CAR OF EXPENSIVE MAKE, POKEY OAKY, THE YOUNG SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK, IS SNAPPED OUT OF HIS NORMAL SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS!

by Don Dean



CUSS ME EFFIN' THET HAIN'T MORE BLOOD THEN AH EVEN SEED AT HOG STICKIN' TIME!!

PARDON, YOUNG MAN, BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE CRAWLING ON YOUR KNEES TO SAVE YOUR RUBBER HEELS?



HUSH YORE CLAP TRAP, MA'AM! DOES YEW BELONG TO THIS HYAR VEE-HICKLE?

I'M AFRAID SO--- DREADFULLY OUT-MODED, ISN'T IT? BUT WITH PRIORITIES WHAT THEY ARE--

INSIDE THE CAR--



WHO'S DA YOKEL DAT QUEENIE IS JAWIN' WIT, WINGY?

SOME SCREWY FLY COP. GET FIXED! I DON'T THINK SHE CAN TALK US OUTA DIS ONE!!

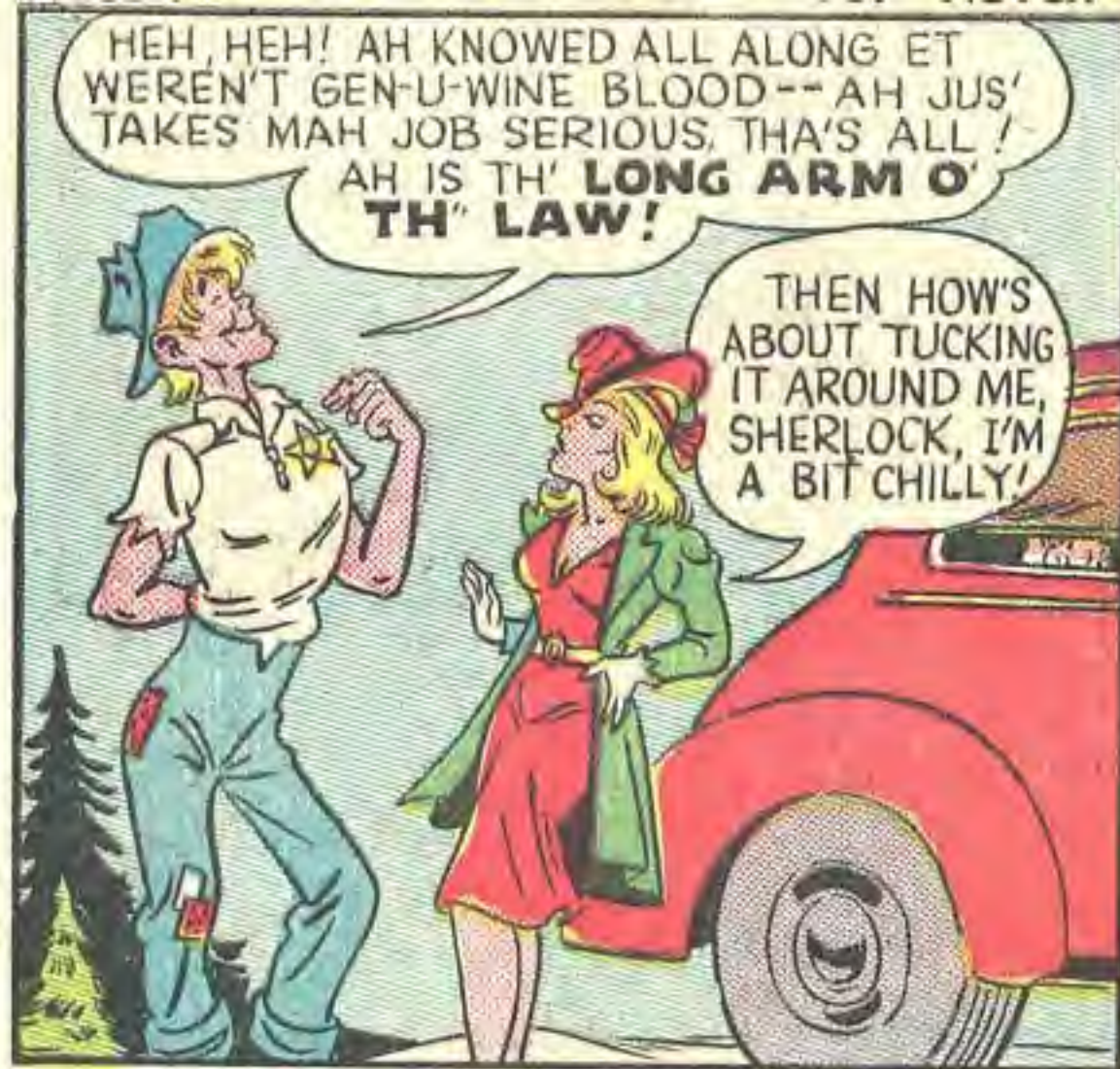


WAL, AH AIMS TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE INTO THE TRUNK OF YORE CAH --A HORRIBLE SIGHT FOR MAH INNOCENT EYES TOO, MOS' PROB'LY!(GROAN)

COME NOW, SHERLOCK, YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!



SWEATIN' SKILLETTS! ET'S ONLY A CAN O' RED PAINT!



HEH, HEH! AH KNOWED ALL ALONG ET WEREN'T GEN-U-WINE BLOOD-- AH JUS' TAKES MAH JOB SERIOUS, THA'S ALL! AH IS TH' **LONG ARM O' TH' LAW!**

THEN HOW'S ABOUT TUCKING IT AROUND ME, SHERLOCK, I'M A BIT CHILLY!



G-GORSH, MA'AM, YE'V MEANS YEW HAIN'T HOLDIN' MAH MISTAKE AGIN ME??

NAW! SKIP IT, SUGAR-PUSS! NOW RUN ALONG LIKE A GOOD BOY!--HERE! --**CATCH!**



MAN O' LIVIN'! WHUT A PURTY GAL-- DONE GIMME A WHOLE **QUARTAH**, TOO!

HUMPH! SHE GIMME **FIVE DOLLAH!** AH LEASED MAH FARM TO HER THIS MAWNING, YESSUH!

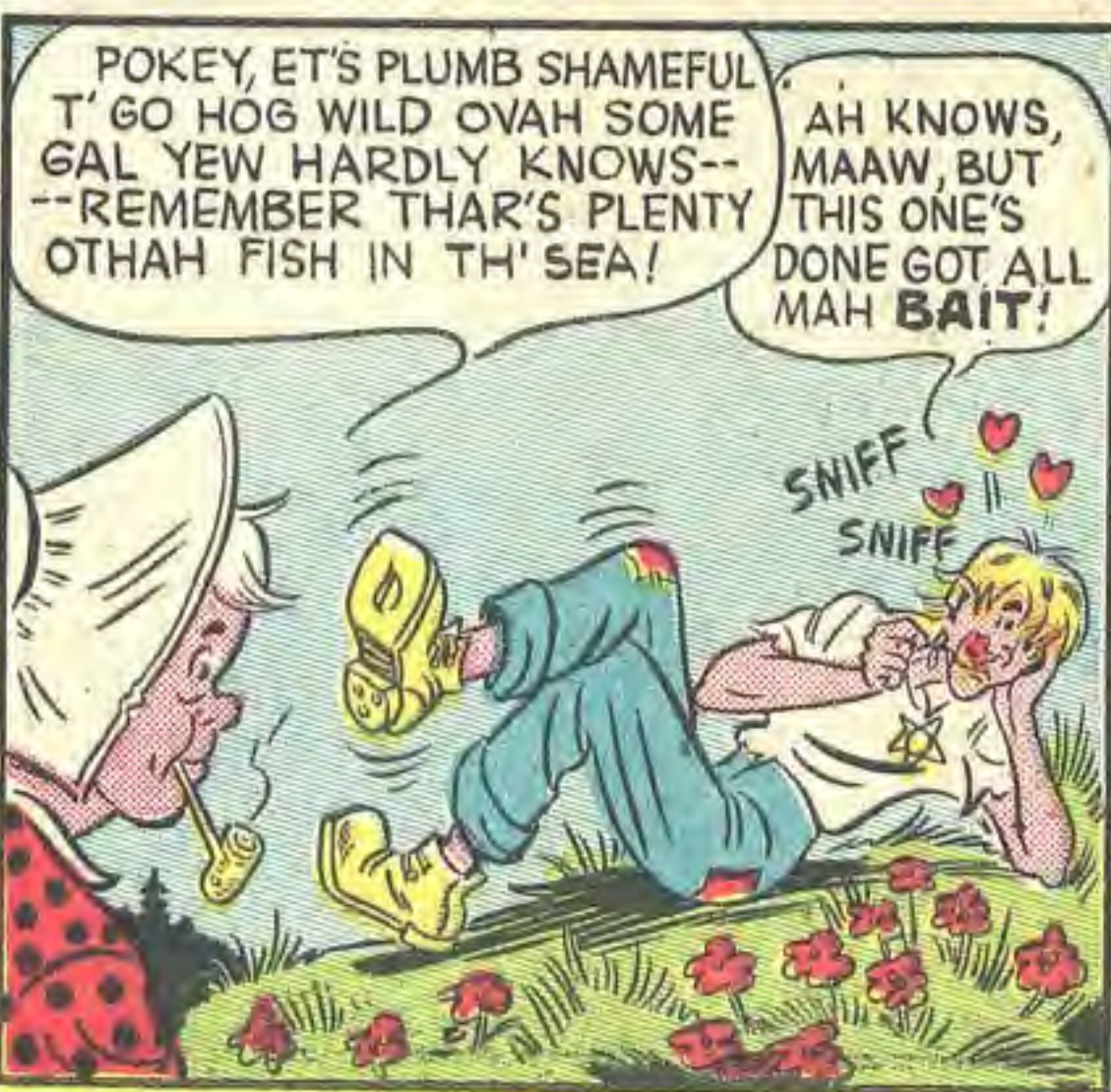


WONDAH WUFFO' SHE RENTED ZEB'S NO ACCOUNT FARM-- YEW COULDN'T RAISE AN UMBRELLA ON THET LAND!



AN' SHE WUZ PURTY, TOO! (SIGH!)

HAIN'T YEW FEELIN' FIT, SON! YEW JUS' SET AN' PICK AN' PICK AT YORE FOOD --UNTIL ET'S GONE!



POKEY, ET'S PLUMB SHAMEFUL T' GO HOG WILD OVAH SOME GAL YEW HARDLY KNOWS-- REMEMBER THAR'S PLENTY OTHAH FISH IN TH' SEA!

AH KNOWS, MAAW, BUT THIS ONE'S DONE GOT ALL MAH **BAIT!**

SNIFF
SNIFF



THET SETTLES ET! AH'LL SLICK UP AN' SLIP OVAH TO ZEB'S FARM TO CALL ON HER! HAIN'T FAR-- MERELY **TEN MILES!**



WAL, HYAR AH IS--
AH'LL SUGGEST WE
DO SOME TAFFY
PULLIN'-- THET WAY
AH CAN GET TO
HOLD HER HANDS!
(CHUCKLE)
YOO HOOO!

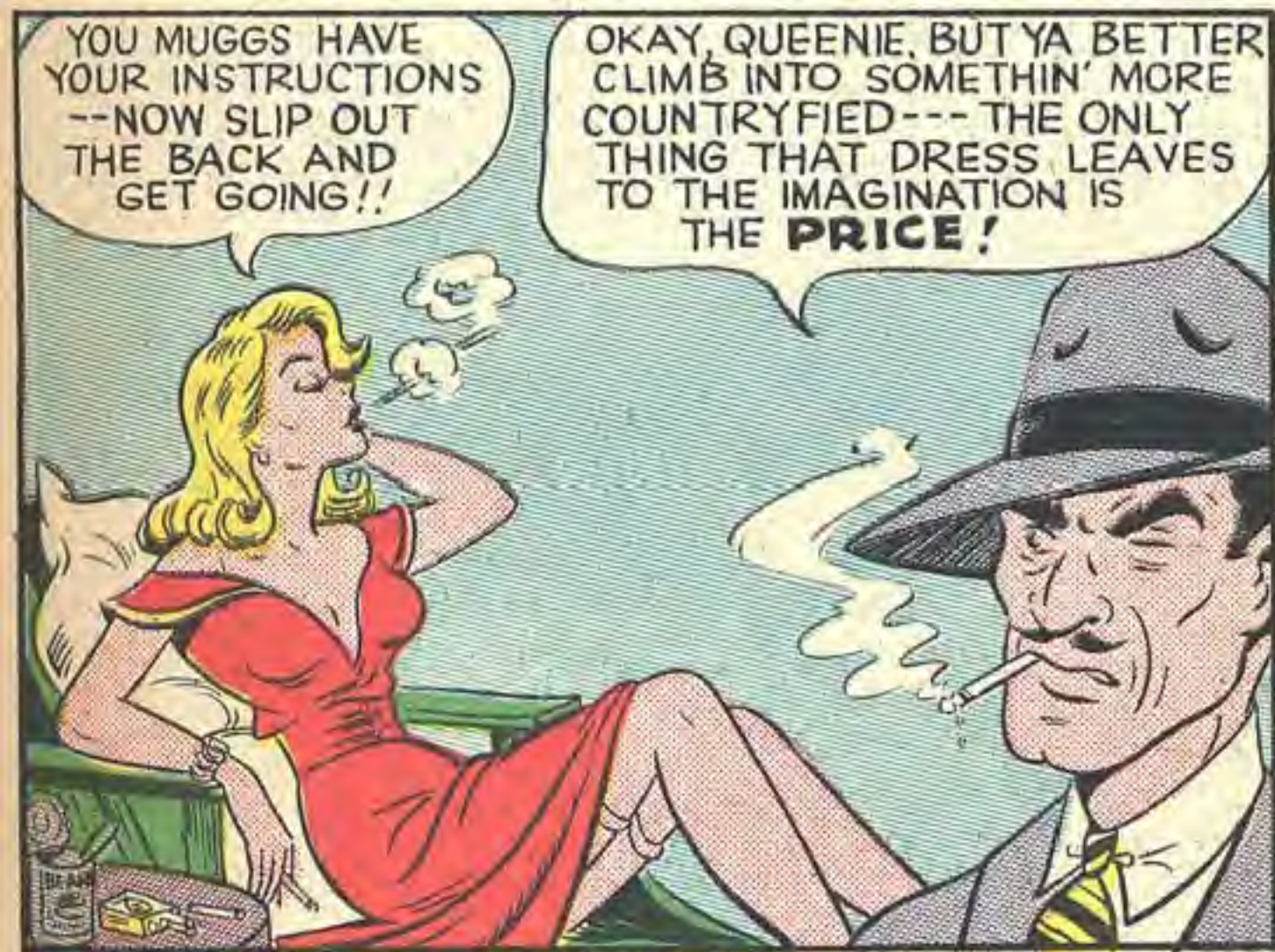


WHA ZAT?
SOUNDS LIKE
SOME DOPE
MUSTA RUN
OVER A
COW!

CRIPES!
IT'S DAT
HICK
SHERIFF!
SHALL I
LET HIM
HAVE IT,
QUEENIE?



NO! WAIT! HAVING THE
TOWN'S ONLY POLICE
PROTECTION RIGHT HERE
IS MORE THAN I
BARGAINED FOR---
HMM-M !!



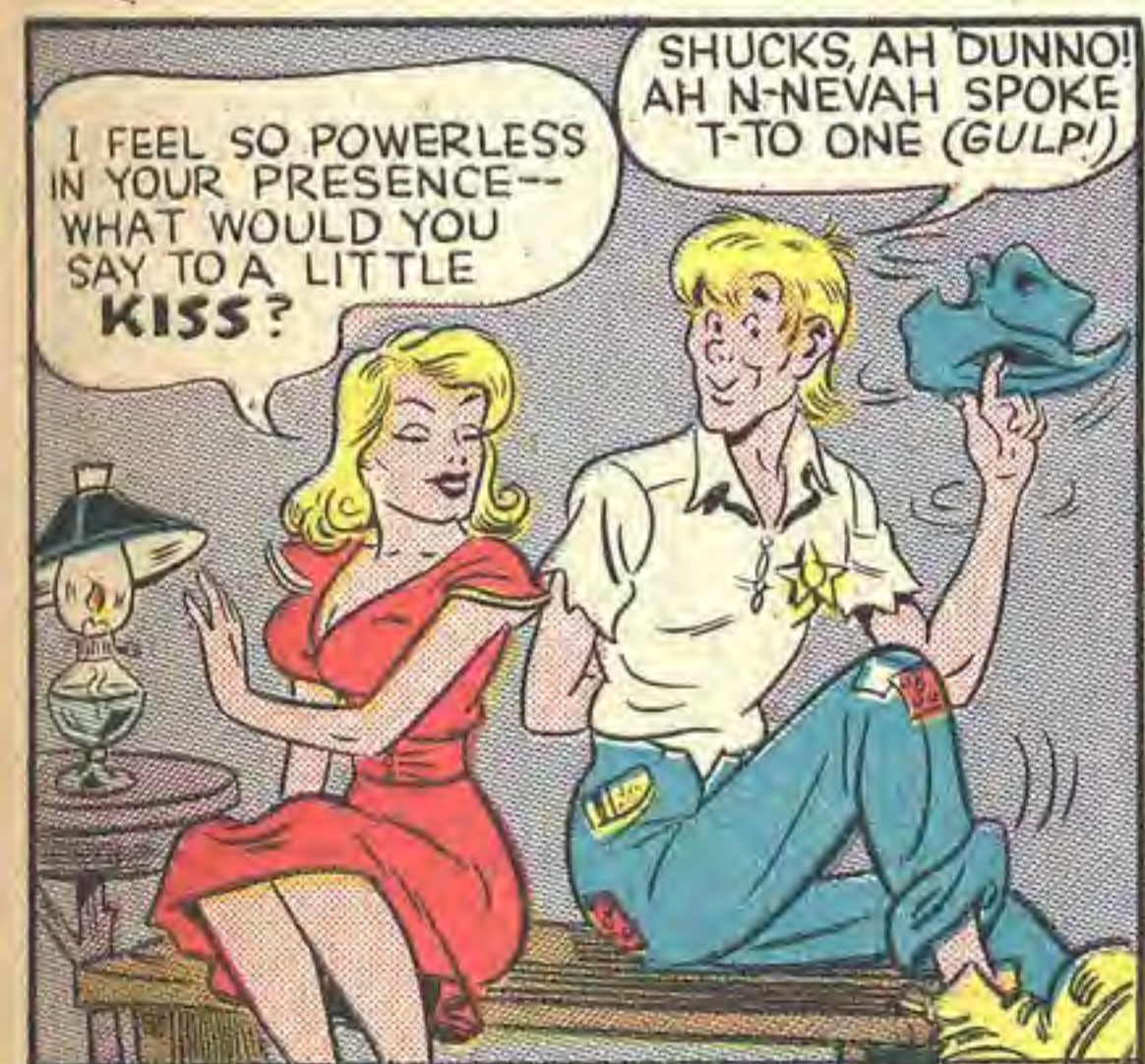
YOU MUGGS HAVE
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS
--NOW SLIP OUT
THE BACK AND
GET GOING!!

OKAY, QUEENIE, BUT YA BETTER
CLIMB INTO SOMETHIN' MORE
COUNTRYFIED--- THE ONLY
THING THAT DRESS LEAVES
TO THE IMAGINATION IS
THE **PRICE!**



♪OH!♪ GOOD
EVENING, ♪
MR. SHERIFF!
WON'T YOU
COME IN?

WAL-A-YESSUM!
AH WAS JUS'
PASSIN' BY--AH
BRUNG YEW SOME
SANDWICHES
--THEY'S RIGHT
HYAR IN MAH
POCKET!



I FEEL SO POWERLESS
IN YOUR PRESENCE--
WHAT WOULD YOU
SAY TO A LITTLE
KISS?

SHUCKS, AH DUNNO!
AH N-NEVAH SPOKE
T-TO ONE (GULP!)



A-AH, LE'S EAT
A SANDWICH
NOW--HUH--?

SMACK!



WAL BLESS ME!
THEY'S
TOASTED!!



WHY, POKEY, LEAVING SO SOON? YOU DON'T GO TO BED WITH THE **CHICKENS**, DO YOU?

NO, MA'AM, BUT SOMETIMES AH SLEEP WIFF MAH PET **GOAT** ON CHILLY NIGHTS!

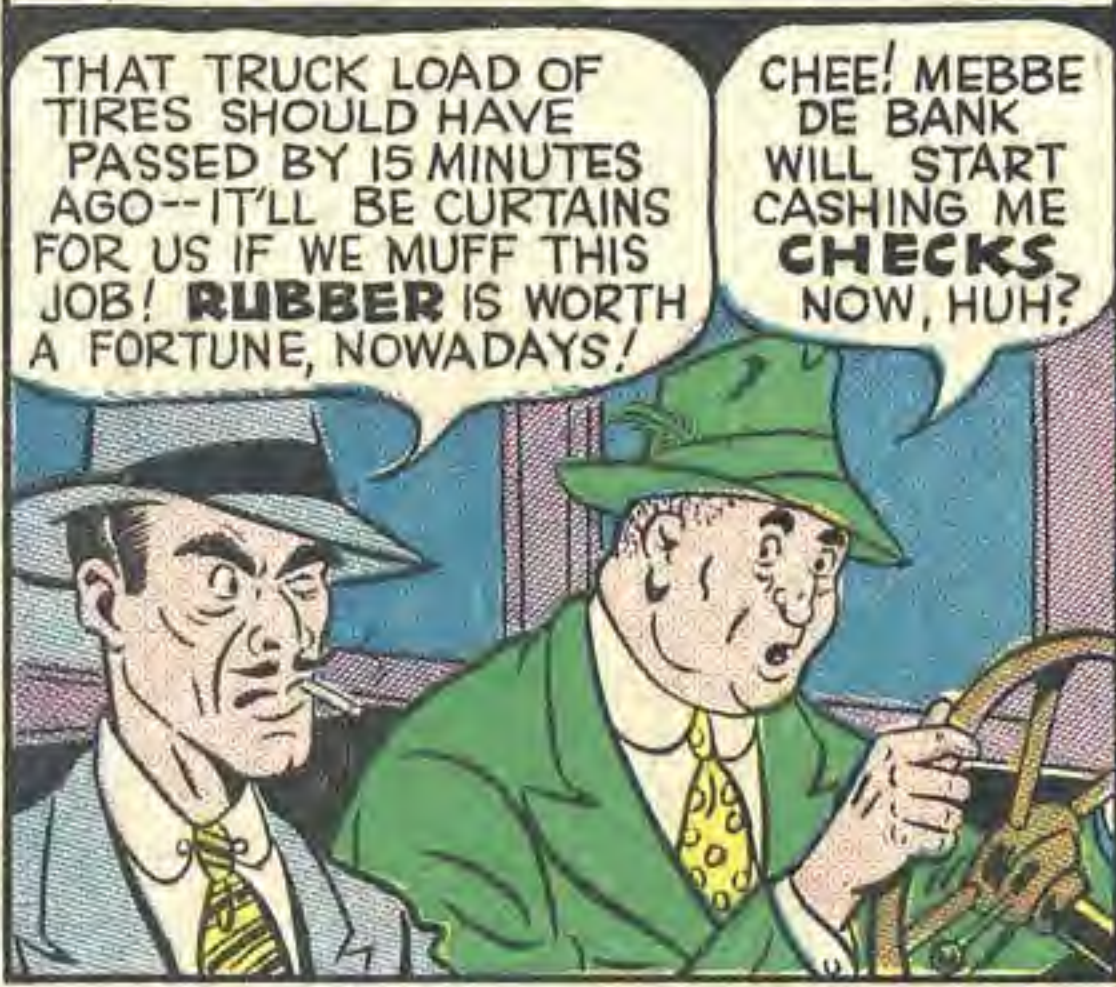


MAN O' BOY! AH'S IN **LOVE**-SHO' NUFF!



QUEENIE, YOU'RE SLIPPING--CAN'T EVEN KEEP A HICK SHERIFF AMUSED--OH, WELL, THE BOYS SHOULD HAVE COMPLETED THE JOB BY NOW!

BUT ON A LONELY HIGHWAY NEAR BY, QUEENIE'S HENCHMEN ARE STILL WAITING



THAT TRUCK LOAD OF TIRES SHOULD HAVE PASSED BY 15 MINUTES AGO--IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR US IF WE MUFF THIS JOB! **RUBBER** IS WORTH A FORTUNE, NOWADAYS!

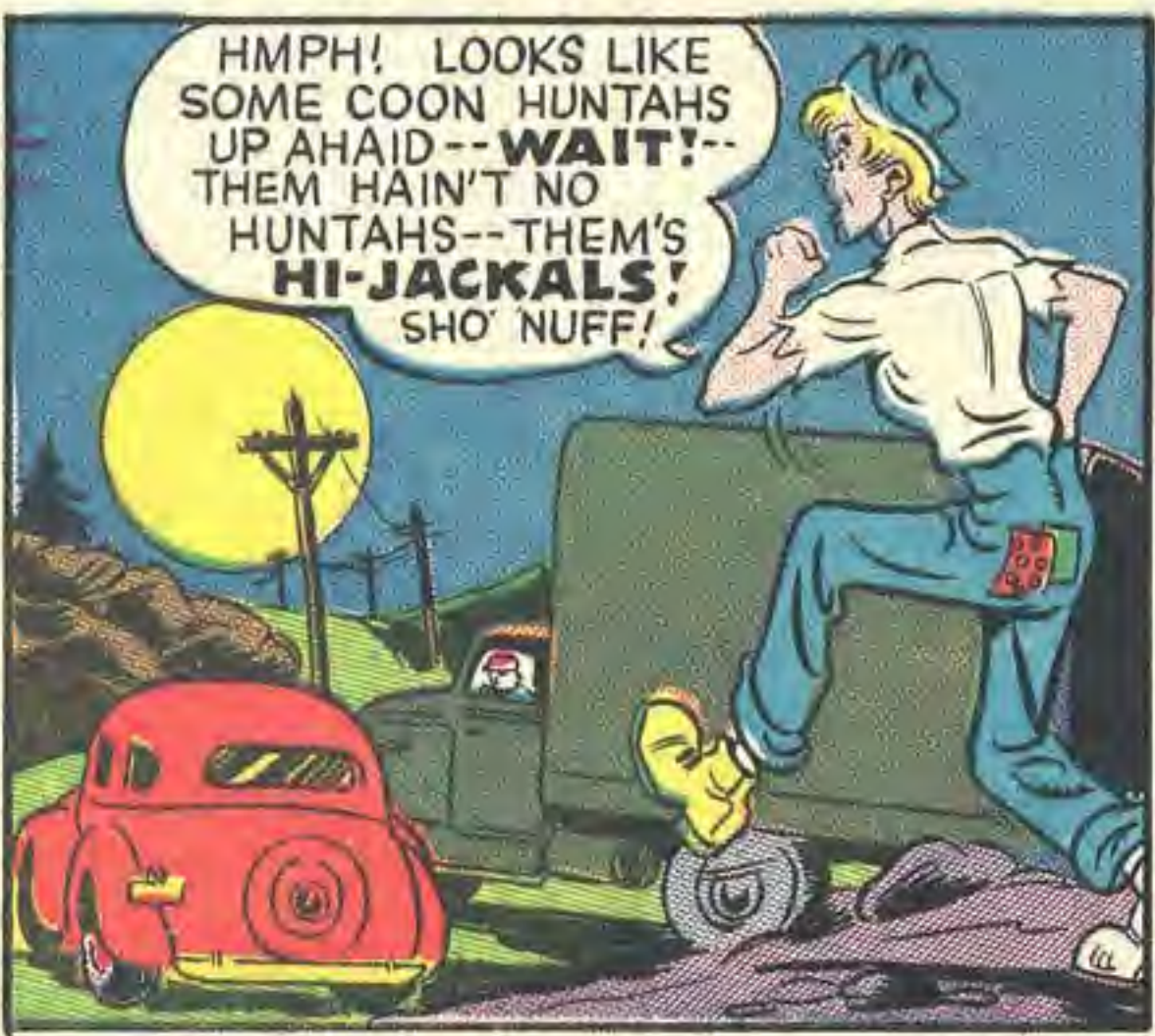
CHEE! MEBBE DE BANK WILL START CASHING ME **CHECKS** NOW, HUH?



BUTTON UP, STUPE, I HEAR THE TRUCK COMIN' NOW! LET'S GET TO WORK!!



PULL OVER, PAL!!



HMPH! LOOKS LIKE SOME COON HUNTAHS UP AHAID--**WAIT!**--THEM HAIN'T NO HUNTAHS--THEM'S **HI-JACKALS!** SHO' NUFF!



FIRST WE WALK THIS LUG BACK IN THE WOODS AND LET HIM HAVE IT! WITNESSES ARE BAD THINGS!

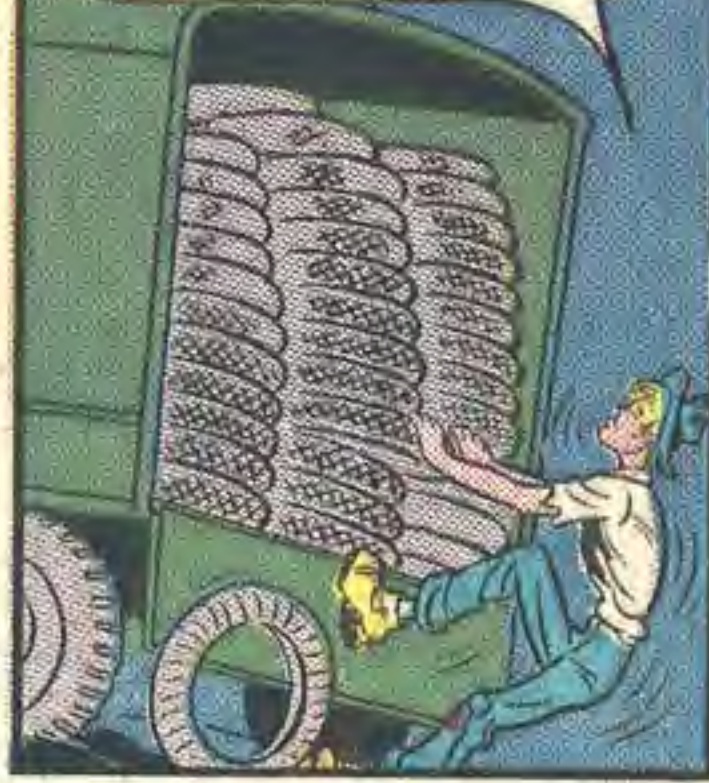
P-PU-LEESE! HAVE A HEART! AH GOT A WIFE, MOTHER-IN-LAW, AN' TEN KIDS!!

THEN WHY YA BEEFIN', PAL?

WAL BUS' MAH SPENDERS
EFFIN' THEM HOG BELLED
STRANGERS HAIN'T A FIXIN'
TO KILT THET LI'L MAN AN'
RUN OFF WIFF HIS TRUCK FULL
O' **TIRES**--SECH ORNRYNESS!
ETS EMBEZZERY--ETS FORJURY!



SHO' WISHT AH WUZ
ONE O' THEM SOOPER-
MEN FELLAHS NOW---
BE MIGHTY NICE HAVIN'
SOME **MUSSELS** TO GO
WIFF MAH **BRAINS!**



CUSS ME! BET
THESE HYAR TIRES
WEIGH AS MUCH AS
TH' TRUCK DO
ITSELF--
PHEW!



PLUNK!



GONG!



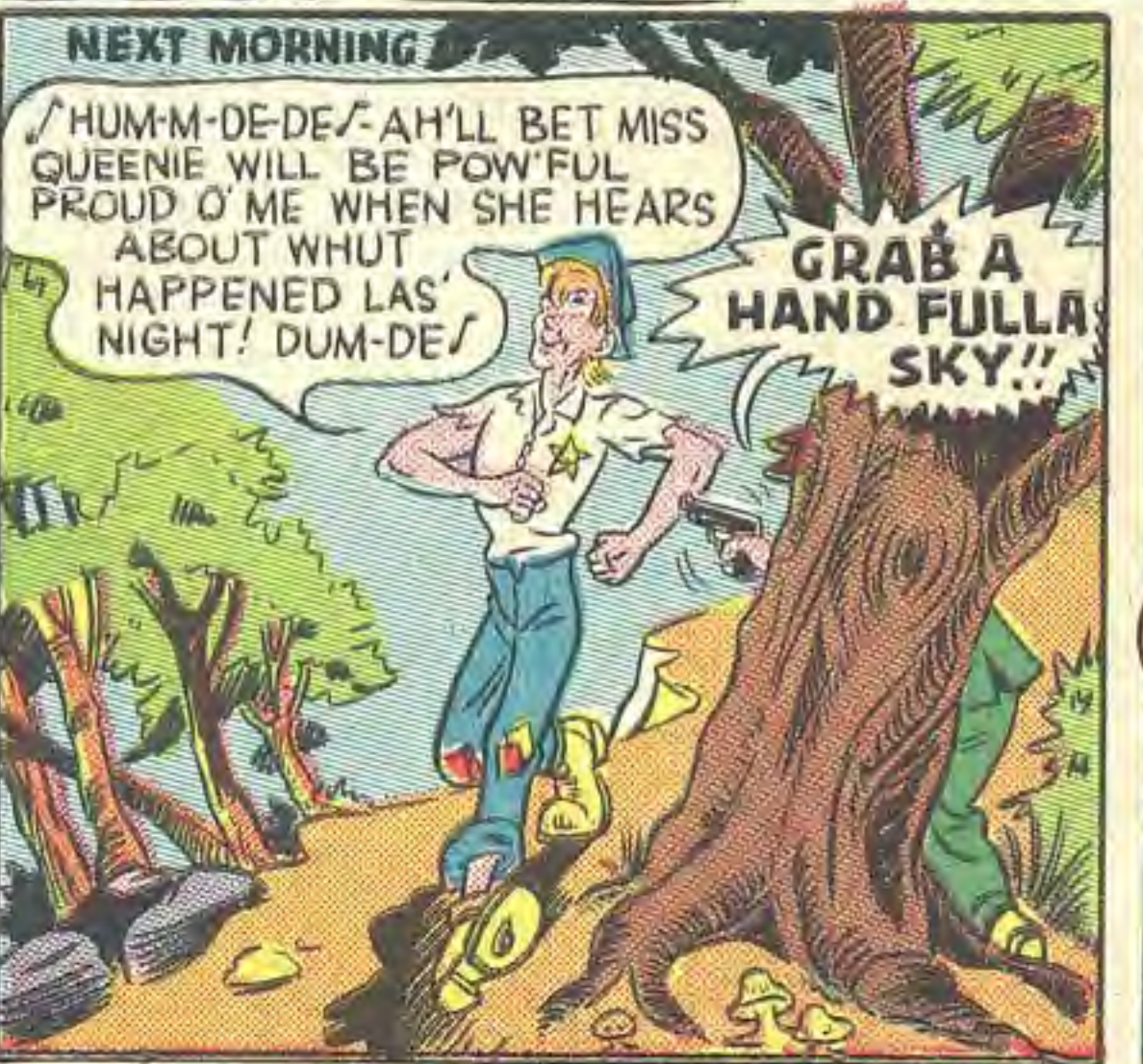
AN' DON'T NEVAH
POINT GUNS AT
PEOPLE NOHOW!



THANK YEW, SUH--
THANK YEW--SAAY!
YORE FACE LOOKS
FAMILIAR---AH
GOT ET! YEW COME
OVAH TO PINE RIDGE
LAST YAR N'
GRABBED FUST PRIZE
AT OUR **HOSS**
SHOE PITCHIN'
CONTEST!

YEP! WON A BAR
O' FANCY **SOAP**--
STILL GOT IT
TOO--YESSUH!





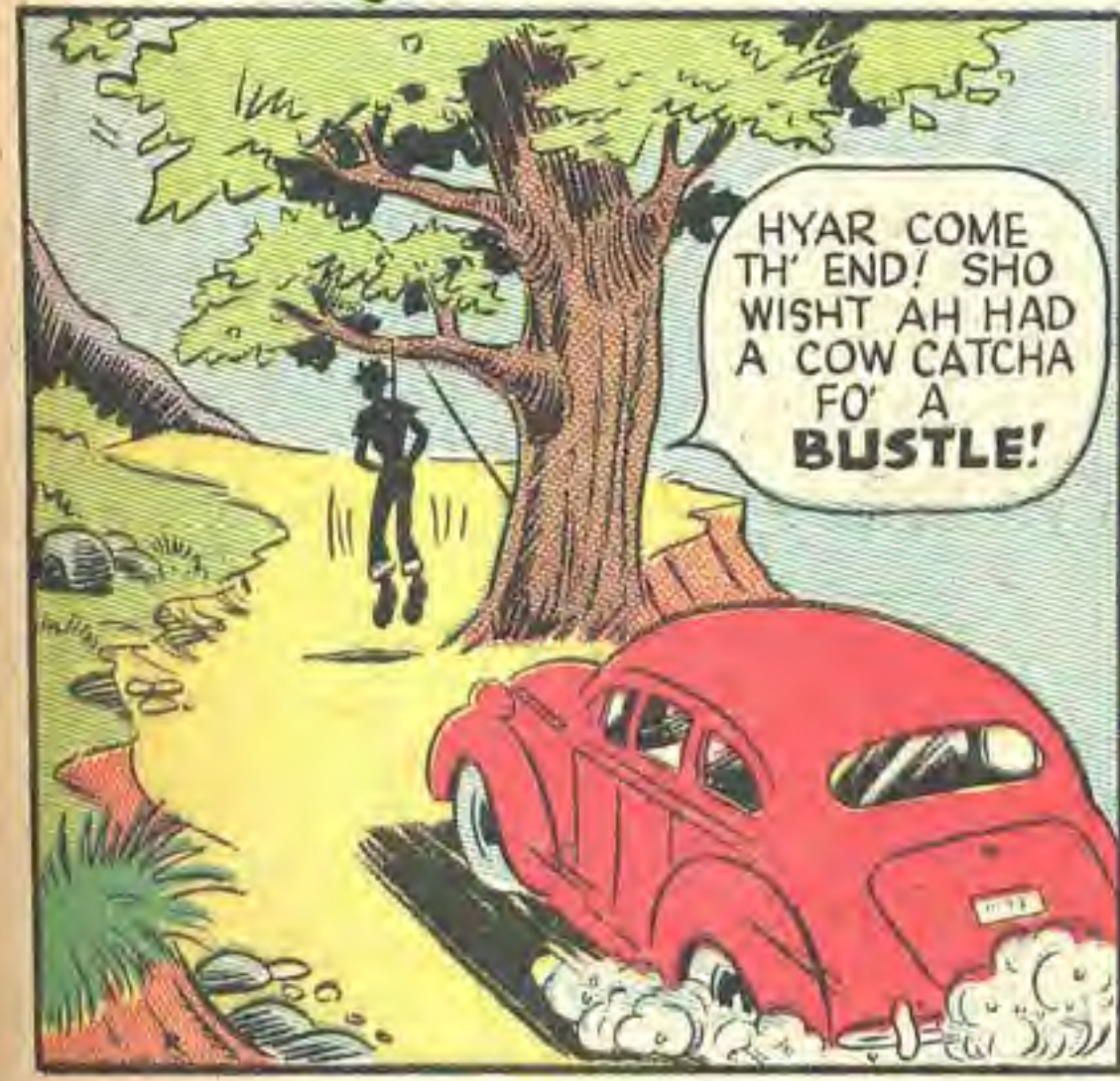


HEY, THAR! YEW CAN'T STRING TH' SHURIFF UP LIKE A SIDE O' POK! ET'S IL-REGAL! **LEMME DOWN!**

AH SEE ET ALL NOW-- THEY'S GONNA RUN THET CAH PLUMB THRU ME! (CHOKE!)



MAH DIG-NAH-TEE AN' PRIDE IS SHO GONNA HURT!--- TOGETHER WIFF MAH UNMEN-SHUNABLES!



HYAR COME TH' END! SHO WISHT AH HAD A COW CATCHA FO' A **BUSTLE!**

STARTLED BY THE ONRUSHING CAR'S MOTOR, A GIANT RAZOR BACK DARTS FROM THE UNDER BUSH---



--AND THE FLYING WHEELS OF THE DEATH CAR CONTACT THE LUCKLESS BEAST!!



THAR GO TH' CAH DOWN TH' MOUNTING SIDE WIFF THET PERTY GAL EN ET-- **MAH GAL** (SOB)--OH, HEART-BROKE IS ME!

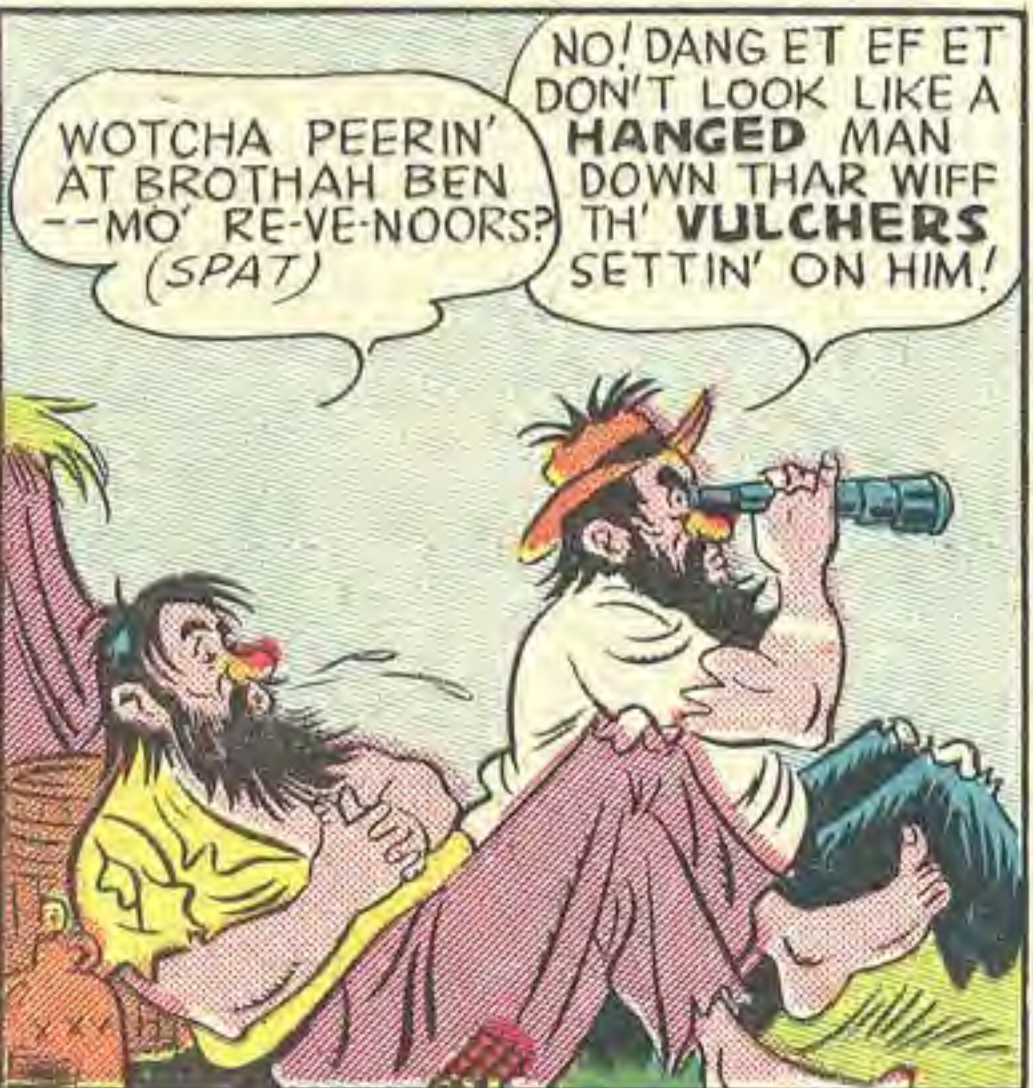


WAL CUSS ME EF SHE DIDN'T GET OUTA THET MESS. **HOORAY!** MAH GAL IS SAVED! SHE'S SWIMMIN' TO THE BANK--**YOOO HOOO, QUEENIE!**



YOOO HOOO, QUEENIE! THAR SHE GOES DOWN TH' ROAD-- --WIFFOUT EVEN WAVIN' G'BYE-- (SNIFF) PERSON'D THINK SHE DIDN'T **LOVE** ME! (SOB)

NOW WE TAKE YOU THRU A COUPLE OF GRUNTS AN PUFFS UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE COUNTRY SITE OF THE GATFIELDS-DISTILLERS EXTRA-ORDINARY!



WOTCHA PEERIN' AT BROTHAH BEN --MO' RE-VE-NOORS? (SPAT)

NO! DANG ET EF ET DON'T LOOK LIKE A **HANGED** MAN DOWN THAR WIFF TH' **VULCHERS** SETTIN' ON HIM!



BAH! AH CAN'T SEE NOFFIN'!!

WAL, YEW GOTTA OPEN' YORE **EYES** --CAN'T 'SPECT TH' SCOPE T' DO ALL TH' WORK!



THEM HAIN'T VULCHERS, THEM'S BIG **WOOD-PECKERS** TRYIN' TO GIT AT HIS **HAIID!**

SPAT



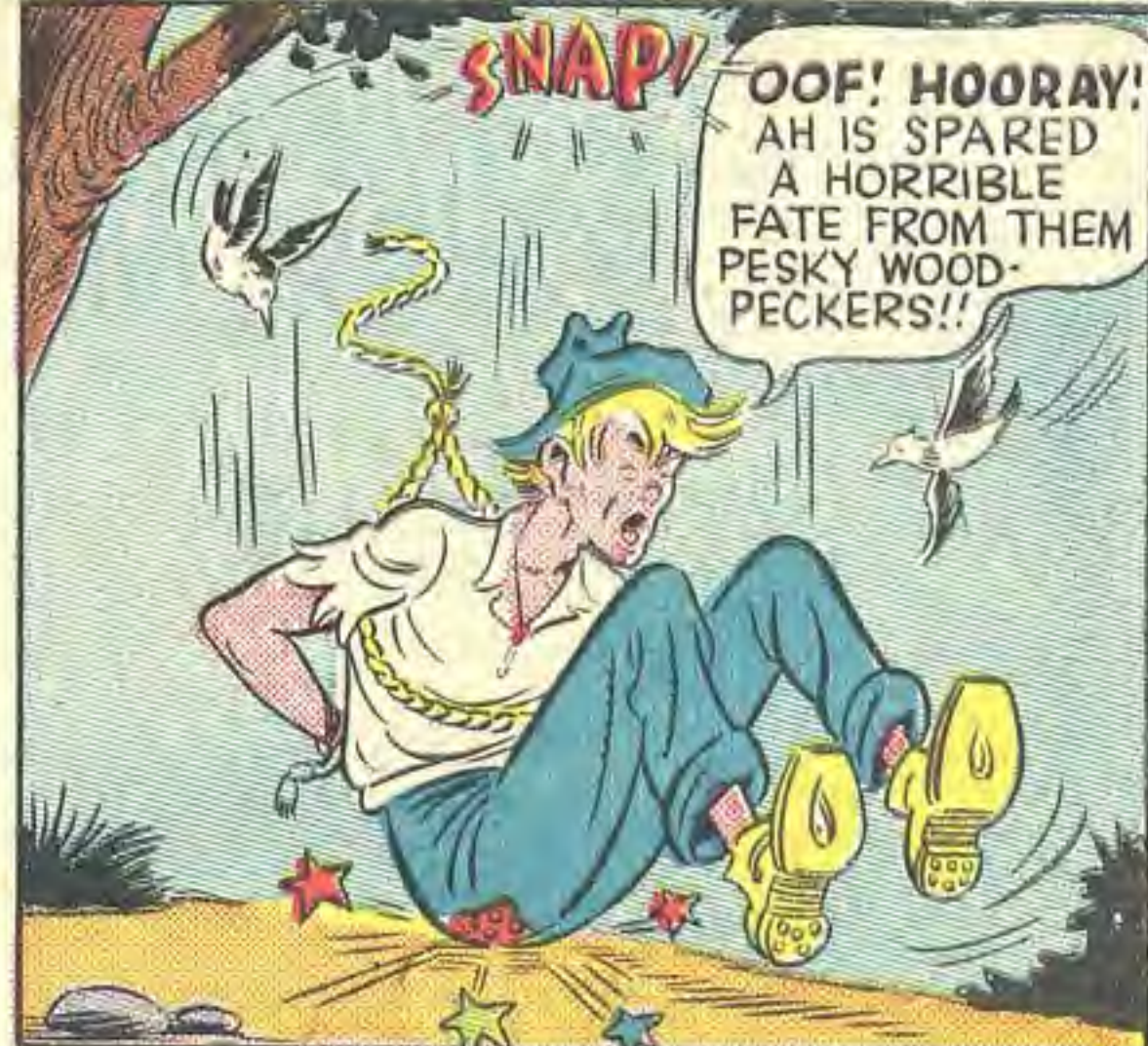
CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO HE BE --HAT'S OYAH HIS MUG--HE HAIN'T GOT A BEARD THOUGH --FACE SMOOTH AS A PLUCKED CHICKEN!

HMPH! (SPAT) ONE O' THEM **MOVIE STARS** MOS' PROBL'Y! (SPAT)



AH'LL SHOOT OFF HIS HAT-- AN' SEE EF ET'S ANY ONE WE KNOWS!

BANG

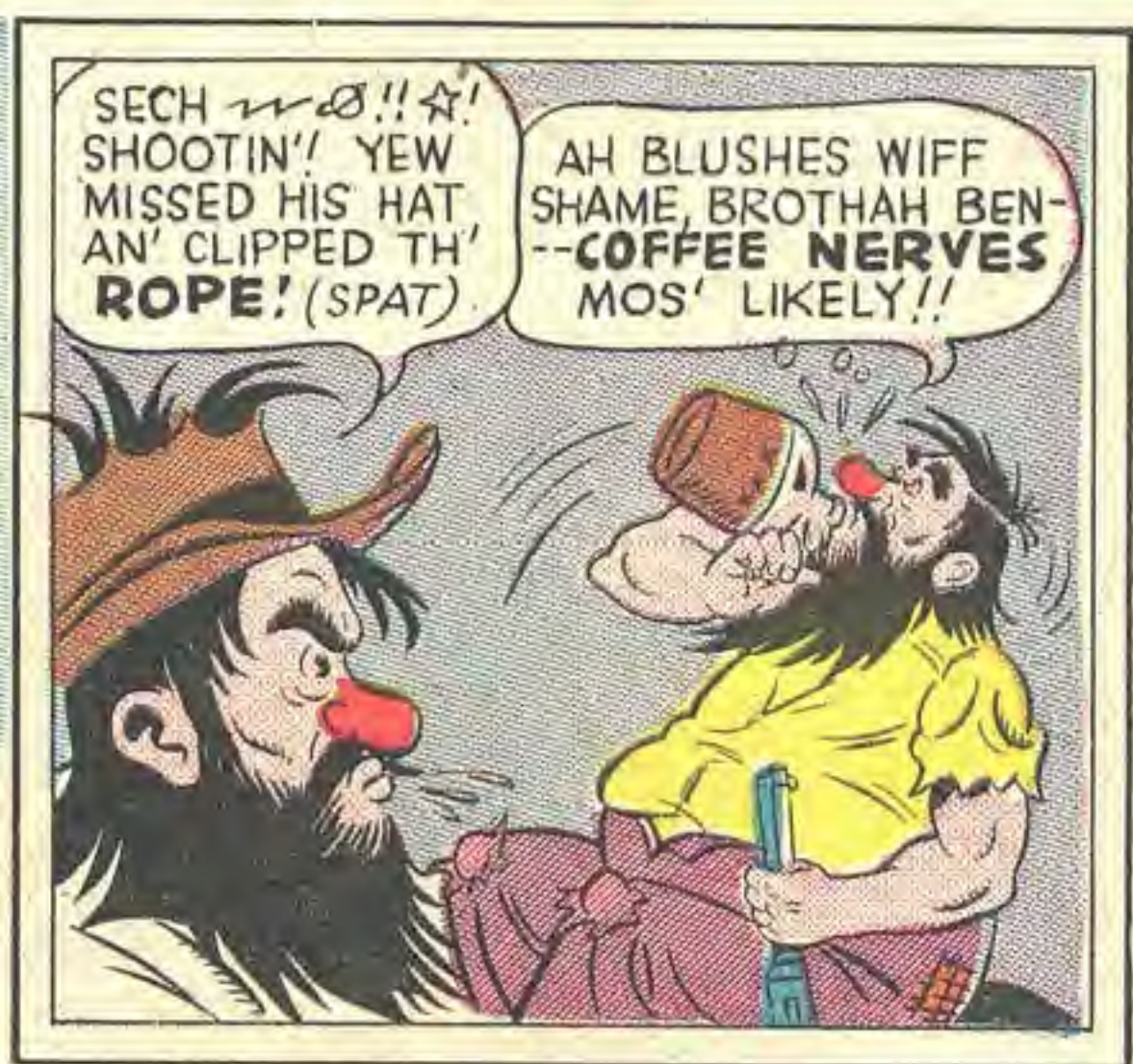


SNAP!

OOF! HOORAY! AH IS SPARED A HORRIBLE FATE FROM THEM PESKY WOOD-PECKERS!!



THET SHOT COME FROM THE GATFIELDS' PLACE -- TH' LOW LIFED SKONKS-- STILL, THEY GOT ME DOWN, MEBBE AH OUGHTA THANK 'EM!



SECH *wo!!*☆! SHOOTIN'! YEW MISSED HIS HAT AN' CLIPPED TH' ROPE! (SPAT)

AH BLUSHES WIFF SHAME, BROTHAH BEN-- COFFEE NERVES MOS' LIKELY!!



LOOK! HE'S MAKIN' HIS WAY UP HYAR! TSK! WOT A HOMELY MUD FENCE THING HE IS, TOO!

SHO' NUFF! TSK-TSK!



AH JU'S BETS TH' COUNTY WOULD PAY US A BOUNTY ON SECH A RE-PULSIVE CREATURE'S HAID!

YEP (SPAT) RECKON THEY'D GIVE US TWO BITS ER SO -- LET 'IM HAVE ET!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

READERS' PAGE

WELL, YOUR LETTERS AND PHOTOS ARE COMING IN EVERY DAY, AND YOUR OPINIONS ARE BEING CAREFULLY CONSIDERED. TO YOU SLOW-POKES WHO HAVEN'T AS YET ENTERED THE CONTEST, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO SAY...GET IN ON THE FUN! THIS ISSUE, FOR WRITING THE BEST LETTER, A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS, GOES TO:

THE WINNER!



BILLY WESLEY
FOX LAKE
BOX 465
CHICAGO, ILL.

...AND HIS WINNING LETTER!

The character I like best in Top Notch Laugh Comics is The Black Hood. I like him because his adventures are full of mystery, excitement, and laughs with Sergeant McKinley. And what I like mostly are the drawings. This may seem silly to you, but I like the way you put the feeling into the pictures. If you want to make it spooky—well, the pictures give you chills. If you want to make it funny, the pictures get you in the mood. The Black Hood is swell!

Billy Wesley

HONORABLE MENTION



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BILLY ROY FOSTER
N. LITTLE ROCK,
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BELITA NODARSE
CALLE A # 55
ENTRE 27429
VEDADO, HAVANA,
CUBA

KEEP SENDING THOSE OPINIONS OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS CHARACTERS, AND PHOTOS OF YOURSELF. AND YOU BOYS AND GIRLS WHO'VE ALREADY ENTERED AND WON HONORABLE MENTION ARE STILL ELIGIBLE FOR THE FIRST PRIZE. SEND IN ANOTHER LETTER. WE'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR PHOTO... AND NEXT ISSUE'S WINNER MAY BE YOU!


REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



WANTED
FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY
INCOHERENT AND SIMPLE-MINDED... BUT A DANGEROUS KILLER



THE BRUISER

WANTED
FIENDISH MURDERER
SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!
GIVES NO QUARTER AND EXPECTS NONE! BRING HIM BACK DEAD, NOT ALIVE!



THE SON OF THE SKULL

WANTED
DEBONAIR VILLAIN! WELL DRESSED AND CONCEITED ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE!
SHOOT TO KILL!



THE DUDE



THE BRUISER, THE DUDE, THE SON OF THE SKULL.. THREE BIRDS OF A FEATHER.. THREE VULTURES WHO PREY ON SOCIETY.. COME TO GRIPS WITH THE MASKED NEMESIS OF NIGHT, THE BLACK HOOD, IN A TALE THAT SPELLS TERROR WRITTEN WITH A FINGER DIPPED IN HUMAN BLOOD. . . .

IN THE STATE PRISON, HIDDEN IN THE DARK CLOAK OF NIGHT...

YOU.. GUARD? COME OVER HERE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, SON OF THE SKULL?

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT GOING TO ROT IN THIS PRISON! I'LL GET OUT SOMEHOW, I SWEAR IT!

THE SCENE CHANGES... A SCENE FAR REMOVED FROM THE SKULL.. AND YET DESTINED TO LINK UP WITH HIS FATE! IN THE HIDEOUT OF JIGGER GOGGIN, GANGSTER CHIEF!



SO YOU FORGOT THE DOUGH YOU OWE YOU OLD PAL, THE DUDE, EH, JIGGER? WELL, I DID NT?

AND I'M WARNIN' YOU, JIGGER!. THE COPS MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WHO THE GUY IS BEHIND ALL THE STICKUPS IN THIS TOWN!

I FIX THIS DUDE, ... EH, JIGGER?



HAND THAT DOUGH BACK DUDE? I'M WARNIN' YA..



NO, BRUISER! MAYBE ME AND MY PAL DUDE CAN TALK THIS THING OVER!

BUT, AS DUDE PREENS HIMSELF, HE SEES IN HIS POCKET MIRROR...



NOW.. YOU RAT, O-O-O MY EYES?

I GOT MORE USES FOR MY MIRROR THAN JUST LOOKIN' AT MYSELF IN IT, JIGGER?

LIKE A COBRA, THE DUDE WHIPS OUT A WEIGHTED STICK PIN, BUT IT IS MORE THAN THAT! IT'S A DEADLY WEAPON OF TAPERED STEEL...



UK-K R-R-R-GH

BOSS? WATCH OUT?

ME...? HUUH? BRUISER?

I'M GONNA KILYA NOW, DUDE! I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR BACK LIKE A STICK, THEN TEAR YOU TO PIECES!



KEEP YOUR TEMPERATURE DOWN, BRUISER!



WHY, SURE... WE..WE CAN GO SAILING! GEE DUDE, I LOVE SAILING! I ALWAYS WANTED A BOAT OF MY VERY OWN!

THIS TORPEDO CAN STOP A BULL? SO TAKE THE RED FLAG OUTA YOUR EYES? DON'T BE A SUCKER! YOU 'AN ME IS GONNA BE THE BIG BOYS.. NOW?



YEAH, YOU! WE'RE GONNA TAKE OVER THE RACKETS, SO THEY'LL REALLY SING! IF YOU'RE A SMART MONKEY, YOU'LL HANG ON.. WE CAN MAKE THE BOSS' YACHT, THE GOLD-FISH, OUR HEADQUARTERS! A NIFTY HIDE-OUT... IF THINGS GET HOT.. ALL WE DO IS PULL UP THE ANCHOR!



VERY FUNNY, VERY FUNNY! I'LL KEEP THE BIG DOUGH! THE SMALL DOUGH IS FOR SMALL TIMERS...



NOW, BE GOOD AN' BRING THE BOSS' CARCASS WHERE IT WON'T STINK UP THE LOT!



SURE, DUDE! I'LL THROW HIM IN THE RIVER! THE BOSS USED TO LIKE SWIMMING... HEH-HEH-HEH! GOOD JOKE, HUUH, DUDE?

THAT INSTANT, THE BLACK HOOD CRASHES INTO THE ROOM.



I'VE GOT A LITTLE MATTER OF A HOLDUP TO DISCUSS WITH JIGGER, WHERE IS HE?

HE'S NOT IN NOW.. SCRAM!

H-M-M! LEFT BLOOD STAINS BEHIND HIM? WHO WAS DOING THE STAINING, DUDE? YOU, OR JIGGER?

OKAY, HOOD! YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE.. AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT RIGHT NOW!

SO YOU LIKE TO THROW HAIRPINS, EH?

BLANKETY.. BLANK.. I'LL PUT A PART IN YOUR HAIR AN INCH DEEP?

SORRY I FORGOT TO TAKE MY GLOVES OFF, DUDE! HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME IMPOLITE!

CRACK

THAT VERY INSTANT, TWO HANDS OF GIANT STRENGTH GRASP THE BLACK HOOD IN THE GRIP OF AN IRON VISE...

TIGHTER.. TIGHTER, THE MASSIVE HANDS SQUEEZE...

SUDDENLY, A LOUD POUNDING ON THE DOOR..

THE COPS!

I GOT 'IM, DUDE, I KIN BREAK HIS NECK EASY.. HE WON'T KEEP US FROM SAILING ON THE GOLDFISH, EH, DUDE?

OPEN.. IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

KNOCK

KILL HIM, BRUISER! BREAK HIM IN TWO!





GEE, WHAT DO WE DO NOW, DUDE?

THAT'S THE WAY OUT! YOU GO FIRST. I'LL KEEP THE COPS BACK!



YOU'RE SURE A GOOD FRIEND OF BRUISER'S, DUDE? YOU LET ME ESCAPE FIRST! I LIKE YOU, DUDE!



IN A FLASH, THE DUDE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND TURNS THE KEY.

HOPE HE LIKES THIS CLOSET. I DIDN'T THINK THEY MADE THEM THAT DUMB ANY MORE?



HEY! DUDE! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL! WHEN THE POLICE BREAK IN, THEY'LL FIND BRUISER TO TAKE THE RAP!



THE DUDE DISAPPEARS, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE POLICE BREAK IN TO FIND..

SO THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN MAKIN' ALL THE RACKET UP HERE... THE BRUISER!



FURIOUS AS AN ENRAGED BEAST, THE BRUISER SLAMS INTO THE NEAREST ADVERSARY, IN THIS CASE, M'GINTY, THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE!



EVERYBODY DOUBLE-CROSSES BRUISER? THE BOSS, AND DUDE.. AND NOW THE COPS? I DON'T LIKE COPS!



WHEW... I-I CAN BELIEVE TH-THAT?



I'LL TEAR YOU ALL TO PIECES!

HOLD HIM, GARRITY! HOLD HIM STILL SO WE KIN SHOOT HIM!



I'LL HOLD HIM FOR YOU, MCGINTY!

OOP!

THE HOOD?



I STARTED TO KILL YOU BEFORE, HOOD? NOW I'LL FINISH IT!

MAYBE, BRUISER!

WITH INCREDIBLE AGILITY, THE BLACK HOOD DUCKS THE HAMMER-HANDED BLOWS!



WHEW!

OOP!

AND MAYBE NOT?



ONE OF US NEEDS A REST, BRUISER..

... AND I DON'T FEEL VERY SLEEPY JUST NOW!



IT'S ALL OVER, MCGINTY.. YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW, AND CART THE MAN MOUNTAIN TO JAIL!



O-O-O MY HEAD! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE THROWN A HOUSE ON TOP OF ME! ONE BRICK AT A TIME!



YA DIRTY COPPERS! I'LL GET OUTTA HERE YET, IF I GOTTA TEAR THIS PRISON APART.. I'LL KILL THAT DOUBLE CROSSIN' DUDE!



QUIET, YOU LOUD-MOUTHED FOOL! THIS PLACE IS UNBEARABLE ENOUGH FOR ME, THE SKULL, WITHOUT HAVING TO LISTEN TO YOU!



GOLLY.. GEE! THE SKULL! (GULP) I'M IN THE SAME PRISON WITH THE SKULL! (GULP) GEE! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, SKULL!



LATER, AS THE PRISONERS EAT SILENTLY IN THE MESS HALL..



BAH, THIS FILTHY FOOD TURNS MY STOMACH.. IF I COULD ONLY GET OUT OF HERE!

SUDDENLY, THE CONVICT BESIDE THE SKULL, FINDS HIMSELF YANKED OUT OF HIS SEAT..



HE-Y WHAT TH..?

HYAH, SKULL I'M THE BRUISER! KIN I SIT NEXT TO YOU, HUH, SKULL?



H-M-M-THE DAF HAS TAKEN AN ATTACHMENT TO ME.. HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH MAY COME IN HANDY..

MINUTES LATER, THE CONVICTS RETURN TO THEIR CELLS...



OKAY, LIGHTS OUT AND NO TALKING! MAKE IT SNAPPY! SLEEP WELL, BOYS!

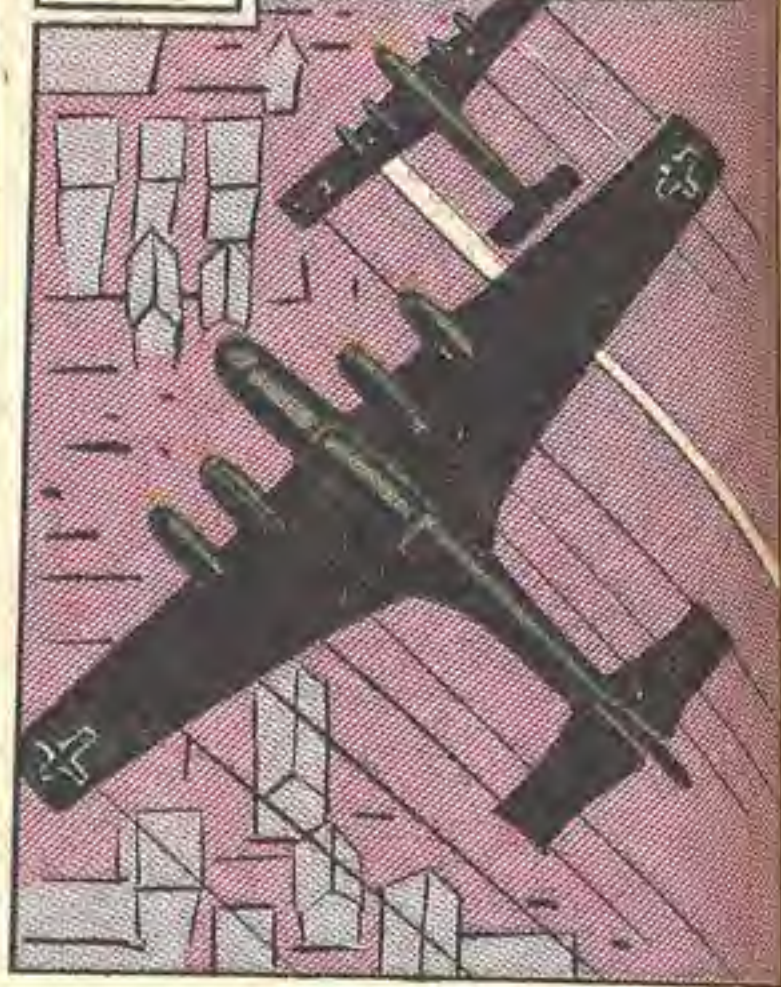
AH-H, NINE O'CLOCK.. UP SINCE FIVE THIS MORNING..MAKES ME PRETTY TIRED? THINK I'LL TURN IN MYSELF!

THAT VERY MOMENT... ABOARD A GERMAN AIR-CRAFT CARRIER LYING IN WAIT OFF THE U.S. SHORE...



ACHTUNG! ALL PLANES TAKE OFF FOR OBJECTIVE!

SECONDS LATER, HEINKEL BOMBERS SWARM OVER THE CITY..



THE SIRENS! IT'S NOT A TEST, EITHER!

RUN! IT'S THE REAL THING!



RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

SIRENS SCREAM, AMBULANCES CLANG, AND PEOPLE MOAN IN TERROR AND PAIN, AS NAZI BOMBS ARE UNLEASHED UPON THE POPULACE...



AT A RADIO STUDIO..

DETAILS OF THE FIRST AIR RAID UPON OUR CITY HAVE NOT BEEN MADE PUBLIC.. EXCEPT FOR THIS.. FLASH! THE SKULL AND THE BRUISER ARE MISSING FROM THE PRISON! IT IS BELIEVED... BLAH BLAH BLAH.

.. AND AS THOUGH GUIDED BY SOME ADVERSE FATE, ONE OF THE BOMBS FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CITY PRISON!



ALL CLEAR? PEOPLE WILL RETURN TO THEIR HOMES AT ONCE, OR IF BOMBED OUT, REPORT TO THE NEAREST EMERGENCY SHELTER!



BARBARA, DID YOU HEAR THAT? THE BRUISER AND THE SKULL ESCAPED!

MAYBE THEY WERE KILLED, KIP?

MAYBE? BUT IF NOT, IT'S A BIGGER CALAMITY THAN I THOUGHT... IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE THEY MIGHT GO!

JIGGER'S YACHT, EH? IT'S JUST POSSIBLE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET MY HANDS ON BRUISER.. ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH A TRY!



SAY! I REMEMBER BRUISER SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT "THE GOLDFISH"!

"GOLDFISH? WHY THAT USED TO BE JIGGER GOGGINS' YACHT!"

BUT KIP'S HUNCH IS EVEN BETTER THAN HE REALIZES, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, BOTH BRUISER AND THE SKULL ARE APPROACHING "THE GOLDFISH"!

THERE IT IS, SKULL! NOW I'M GONNA FIX THAT DUDE, GOOD!

.... THE PARTY I'M EXPECTIN' WILL WANT PRIVACY, AN' PLENTY OF IT!

HERE'S A PARTY YER NOT EXPECTIN' WHO ALSO WANTS PRIVACY, DUDE!

BRUISER!

AND ABOARD...

YOU MAY TAKE THE NIGHT OFF, CAPTAIN..

AYE, AYE, SIR!



THE MURDEROUS VAMPIRE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BARBARA SUTTON rushed forward to meet The Black Hood as he entered the door of the Weller home. "Hood," she said breathlessly, "I'm so glad you're here."

The Black Hood locked the door behind him. "What's the trouble, Barbara?" he asked. "You sounded strange on the phone."

"Alma Weller's husband's been killed—murdered by a vampire!"

"A vampire!" The Black Hood smiled. "You mean one of these Dracula fellows who change into bats and feed on blood? Barbara, you're kidding me."

Barbara's face was deadly serious. "I never believed in vampires before," she said, "but now—" She shuddered. "Come with me."

They walked into the library. A woman was seated on the couch; a man stood near the fireplace several feet away. "You know Alma," said Barbara. She indicated the man. "This is Marshall Lyons, the authority on vampirism."

Lyons was unusual looking. He had a clipped black beard, a black moustache, and heavy black eyebrows—all of these blending together to make him look somewhat like Satan.

"I was spending the evening with Alma and her husband when it—happened," said Barbara. "I prevailed upon Alma to let me call you before the police. . . ."

"It won't do any good," Lyons cut in, harshly. "Vampires cannot be defeated by human forces."

"Just a minute," said The Hood. "Barbara, take me to the body."

Murray Weller lay on the bed in his room. The Black Hood removed the covers which concealed him, examined the two puncture marks in his throat, and placed the sheet over him again. Then they walked back to the library.

The Black Hood faced Lyons. "What," he asked, "makes you so sure a vampire is responsible?"

Lyons sighed. "Tell him the entire story, Mrs. Weller," he said.

"About a year ago," Alma Weller said, "our family had a reunion, and we went through some old papers a cousin had recently discovered. One of the papers was written by

my great-grandfather, and said that a vampire had cursed us and that the whole family would be wiped out within one hundred years. The paper was dated 1843. Well, we all laughed, and someone remarked that the vampire would have to work fast if he wanted to keep his promise." She began to sob quietly. "And then, one by one, the members of my family began to die off. Some were found with bite marks on their throat, and autopsys revealed nothing; others had—accidents. The cousin who discovered the papers was the first—his car went off a bridge on his way home from the reunion. . . ." She paused.

"I'll tell you the rest of it," said Lyons. "I had met Murray Weller at his club some months ago, and he asked me to come and to spend this week-end here. He knew I was an authority on vampires. Well, I came, and—you know the rest."

"I see," said The Black Hood. He thought for a moment. "Tell me every detail of the events leading up to the murder—no matter how slight."

"Very well," said Lyons. "We had a late supper at precisely 7:30." He smiled sarcastically. "I won't omit a single detail. We had an Italian supper—spaghetti, meat, garlic, Port wine, all the trimmings. Then Weller and I smoked and talked for a while, and at 9 o'clock he excused himself and went up to bed. One hour later, I passed his room on the way to my own, and went in to borrow a book. That's when I found him . . . murdered by the vampire."

The Black Hood had started. His eyes gleamed with excitement. "That's strange," he said.

"Strange?" echoed Lyons. "Why?"

"Wait a minute," said The Hood. His eyes had gone cold. "You're an expert on vampirism in all its theories—and you don't see anything strange about your story?"

The room was silent for ticking seconds. "No," said Lyons, finally.

The Black Hood smiled. "You should have studied your subject better," he said. "I'm not over-familiar with the subject of vampirism . . . and yet even I know that a person is safe from a vampire if

he has eaten garlic. In any history of the subject you'll find that garlic means death to the vampire!"

The Black Hood leaped forward, and snatched at Lyons' face. The beard, moustache, and padded eyebrows came off in his roving fingers. "I thought so," said The Black Hood. "You're not Marshall Lyons."

Alma Weller screamed piercingly. "It's my cousin, Bill Starrett," she said, her face white. "The cousin who discovered the vampire document!"

Bill Starrett's face twisted with fury. "I'll kill you all," he said, his voice cracking. He dipped into his pocket and came out clutching an odd instrument with two sharp prongs. It was the weapon which had produced the "vampire bites!"

He leaped forward, the weapon outthrust . . . and The Black Hood went to work. His gloved hand slammed against Starrett's wrist with bone-crushing force, and the weapon dropped to the floor. Then The Black Hood followed with two hard lefts. Starrett weaved for a moment . . . and fell on his face.

Alma Weller watched the fight, her eyes wide. Then she dropped into a chair. "Why did he do it?" she asked. "Why did he do it?"

The Black Hood went quickly through Starrett's pockets and came out holding a sheet of paper. "Your cousin apparently *did* find some old documents," he said. "This paper tells of a fortune your great-grandfather hid right in this house . . . a fortune to be shared by the entire family. Starrett knew he couldn't search without emptying the premises, for in that case he'd have to share the fortune. So he forged a 'vampire' document and proceeded to kill off the family . . . first, of course, faking his own death to permit himself greater freedom of movement in carrying out his death plans. He probably used some undetectable poison like hemlock in his murders, so that it looked as though death had come about through . . . throat punctures."

The Black Hood walked over to the phone. "I'll call the police," he said. "They'll be more than glad to escort this 'vampire' to a cell."

TO THE CITIZENS OF CASABA, HITLER, HIROHITO, AND MUSSOLINI ARE GENTLEMEN COMPARED TO THE BANDIT WHO DASHES OUT OF HIS HILL RETREAT PERIODICALLY TO PLUNDER AND KILL — PANCHO GRILLO!

Señor! SIESTA



AFTER THE RAID, A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CABINET IS CALLED BY EL PRESIDENTE

SEÑORS! GRILLO MUST BE CAPTURED!

SI! BUT HOW?



YOU, GENERAL-ISSIMO, WILL TAKE A REGIMENT, AND...

WHO, ME? NO, NO!



I HAVE THE APPOINTMENT WITH THE DENTIST, I CANNOT GO!

MY EENSURANCE AGENT WOULD NEVAIR PERMEET EET, SEÑOR PRESIDENTE!

YOU KNOW HOW THE MOUNTAIN AIR, SHE DISAGREE WITH ME!



WAIT! I HAVE JUST THE MAN! THE HERO OF ALL THE LAND! I SUMMON HEEM AT ONCE!



AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

HERE HE EES, EXCELLENCY. SENOR SIESTA!



AH, BRAVE AND NOBLE SIESTA! EET EES A PLEASURE TO ASSIGN THE MEESSION I HAVE TO A CABALLERO LIKE YOU!

NO WAN ELSE WOULD OUR GOVERNMENT TRUST WITH SO IMPORTANT A MEESSION!

YOU DO ME A GREAT HONOR, EL PRESIDENTE! WHAT IS EET YOU WEEESH OF ME?



ONLY TO CAPTURE PANCHA GRILLO! THAT SHOULD BE EASY FOR SO GREAT A BULL-THROWER AS YOU, HA, HA!



ULP!

SLAP

YOU ACCEPT - OF COURSE?

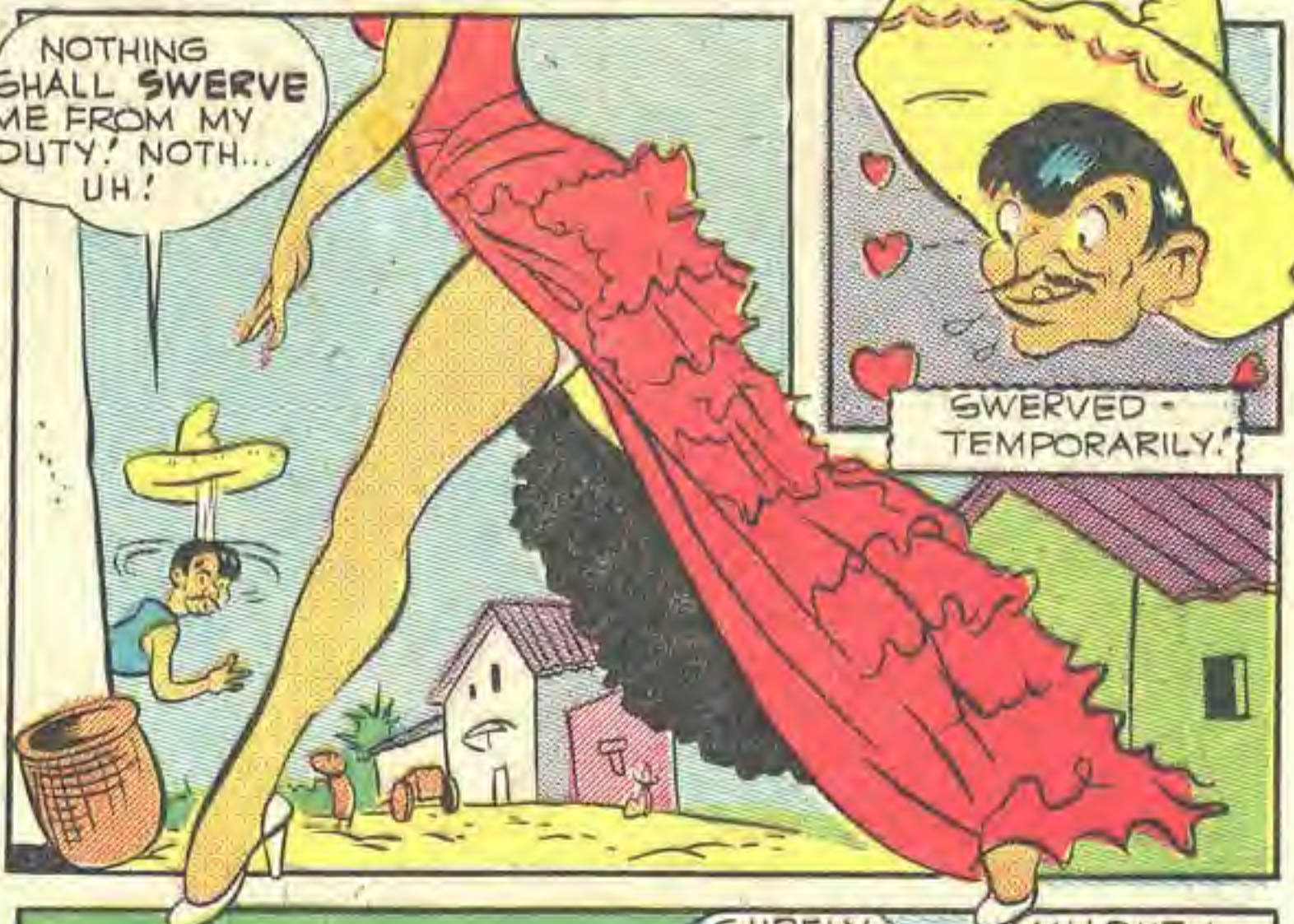
ER..AH... GULP... BUT OF COURSE, HEH, HEH!



I SHALL FOLLOW THEES PANCHO GRILLO TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD TO CAPTURE HEEM!



NOTHING SHALL SWERVE ME FROM MY DUTY! NOTH... UH!



SWERVED - TEMPORARILY!

AH, THE FAMOUS SENOR SIESTA DOES POOR LEETLE CARMENCITA THE GREAT HONOR TO TALK TO HER!

MUST WE MAKE WEETH THE TALK... SENORITA?



BUT SI, SENOR.. YOU ARE SO INTELLIGENT! I COULD TALK WEETH YOU FOREVER, LET US GO TO MY APARTMENT, SI!

BUT NO! I CANNOT, I AM ON A SECRET MEESSION!

SURELY YOU HAVE NO SECRETS FROM CARMENCITA!

AH! BUT I MADE THE PROMISE TO TELL NO WAN I AM TO CATCH PANCHO GRILLO!





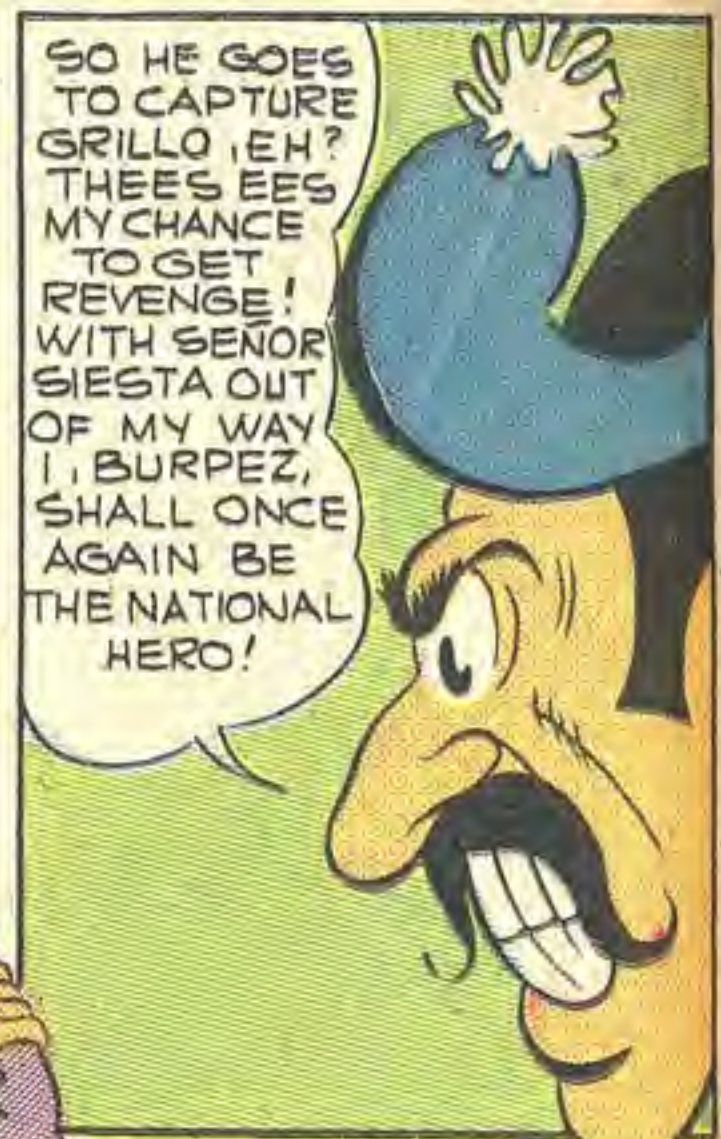
AND SENOR SIESTA NEVAIR BREAKS HEE'S PROMISE! HASTA LUEGA, SENORITA!



LATER, IN THE APARTMENT OF BURPEZ SIESTA'S MORTAL ENEMY...

EET WAS SIMPLE TO MAKE THE SIMPLE PEON TALK, BURPEZ'

BUENO, CARMENCITA! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!



SO HE GOES TO CAPTURE GRILLO, EH? THEES EES MY CHANCE TO GET REVENGE! WITH SENOR SIESTA OUT OF MY WAY I, BURPEZ, SHALL ONCE AGAIN BE THE NATIONAL HERO!



I AM READY TO START AT ONCE, GENERAL-ISSIMO!

GOOD, SENOR SIESTA! I SHALL TAKE YOU TO YOUR TROOPS AT ONCE!



THERE THEY ARE! A CRACK REGIMENT!

ULP! DID YOU SAY CRACK OR BROKEN?



ONWARD, SENORS! ONWARD TO VICTORY!



IN THE HILLS.

COMPANY HALT!

I WEEESH 3 MEN TO SCOUT WEEETH! WHO WEEEL VOLUNTEER?

WHO ARE WE TO SCOUT, SENOR SIESTA?



A GOOD SOLDIER NEVER ASKS THE QUESTION, HE DOES AS HE EES TOLD! BUT I SHALL TELL YOU ANYWAY, MY BRAVE, FEARLESS TROOPS!

PANCHO GRILLO!! WHA!!



TRAITORS, DESERTERS... COME BACK! AH, WELL, I AM LUCKY THESE THREE WERE TRAMPLED EEN THE RUSH TO ESCAPE!

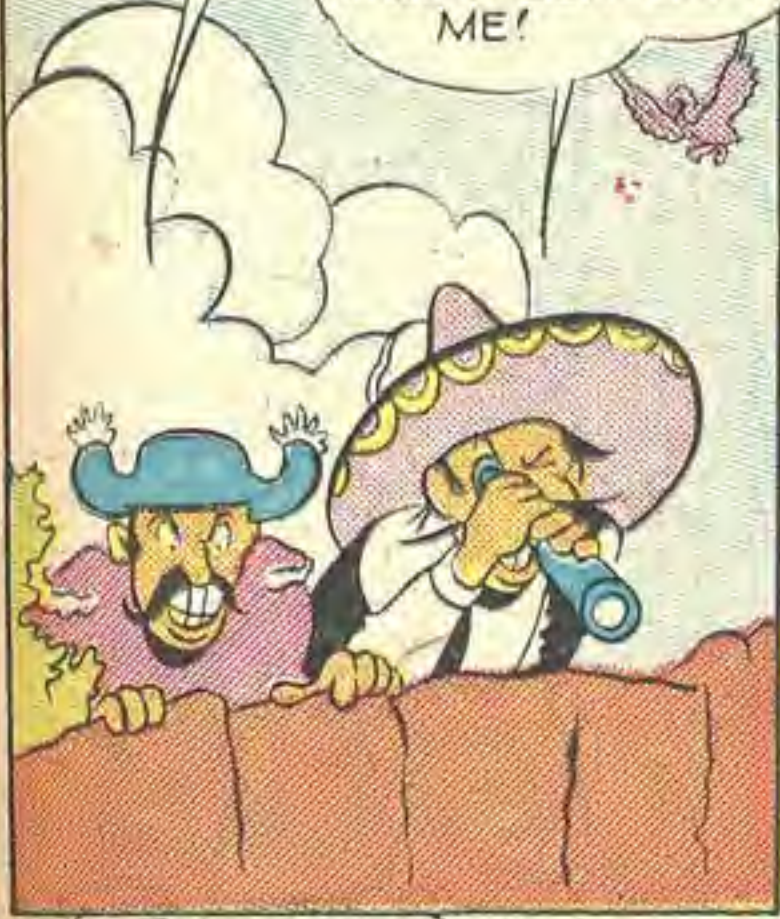


UNKNOWN TO THE "FEARLESS FOUR", EVERY MOVE IS WATCHED THROUGH A HIGH-POWERED TELESCOPE



DO YOU SEE THEM, GRILLO?

YES, BURPEZ! AND WELL EET IS FOR YOU, YOU DEED NOT MEES-EENFORM ME!



DON'T SHOOT, PEEG! I WEESH TO CAPTURE THEES SIESTA ALIVE!



EET WEEL BE VERY AMUSING TO WATCH HEEM SQUEAL WHEN I TORTURE HEEM! FOLLOW ME!



SEÑOR SIESTA, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE FIND GRILLO?

SILENCE! HAVEN'T I ENOUGH OF THE WORRIES ALREADY?



SUDDENLY, A ROPE FLASHES FROM ABOVE, LOOPS A-ROUND THE LAST SOLDIER'S NECK AND...



I WEEL THEENK OF SOME WAY TO CAPTURE HEEM - NEVAIR FEAR!





QUIET, AMIGOS!
WE NEAR THE
HIDEOUT OF
GRILLO!

WHUMP!

SHHH!
NOT SO
MUCH OF
THE NOISE!



PSST!
LOOK, THE RIFLES!
THEY HAVE THEM
STACKED FAR
FROM REACH!

SUCH IGNORANCE! IF
ALL BANDITS WERE ONLY
AS STUPID AS THEES PEEG
OF A DOG, GRILLO! HASTA!
WHAT A COLD TAMALE
HE IS!

THE FAT ONE... HE
MUST BE THE STUPID
PANCHE GRILLO! HA!
I WILL TAKE THAT
STUFFED PERRO AND
BREEK HEEM IN
TWO... I'LL... I'LL...



NOW WHAT???
DOES THIS
SPELL "FINITO" FOR
SEÑOR SIESTA?
WE DON'T SEE HOW
HE CAN GET OUT
OF THIS ONE! OH,
WELL, WE CAN AL-
WAYS DROP THE
STRIP! WAIT A
MINUTE, WE
JUST THOUGHT
OF SOMETHING!
OBOY! IS SIESTA
GOING TO SUPRISE
GRILLO AND
BURPEZ!
WOW!
WE CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO GIVE
YOU SEÑOR SIESTA
NEXT YARN IN
TOP-NOTCH
LAUGH
COMICS!

SO! I AM A STUPID
PEEG OF A PERRO, EH?

GULP!

NOW!
SEÑOR SIESTA...
GASS WHAT
???

SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH....

SNOOP MCGOOK, IN TRACKING DOWN THE CROWN PRINCESS JEWELS NA'S STOLEN JEWELS DISCOVERED "THE WHISTLERS", A NOTORIOUS SPY RING HIDING OUT IN AN OLD, ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. THROWN INTO THE DUNGEON UNDER THE CELLAR, SNOOP IS DISCOVERED BY HIS SQUIRREL, WALDO. THEY ESCAPE THROUGH A TRAPDOOR ONLY TO RUN INTO THE RUTHLESS RINGLEADER ON THE BUSINESS END OF A VERY MEAN LOOKING AUTOMATIC....



ULP!
ER... AM... I JUST THOUGHT I'D RUN OUT FOR A LITTLE BREATH OF AIR!

OKAY!
OKAY!
KEEP COMIN'!

ER... DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHTA POINT THAT THE OTHER WAY?

NAH!
IT MIGHT GO OFF!



I'VE FOOLED AROUND WITH YOU LONG ENOUGH! I'M CALLIN' DE BOYS!

AW(GULP) DON'T! IT'S SO--- HEH, HEH--COZY HERE WITH JUST THE TWO OF US!



WHAT'S UP, BOSS? IS DIS PUNK MAKIN' TROUBLE?

YEAH! AN' DIS TIME HE'S REALLY GOT ME MAD! I HATE WISE GUYS!

CAN'T WE JUST SIT DOWN QUIETLY AND TALK THIS OVER?



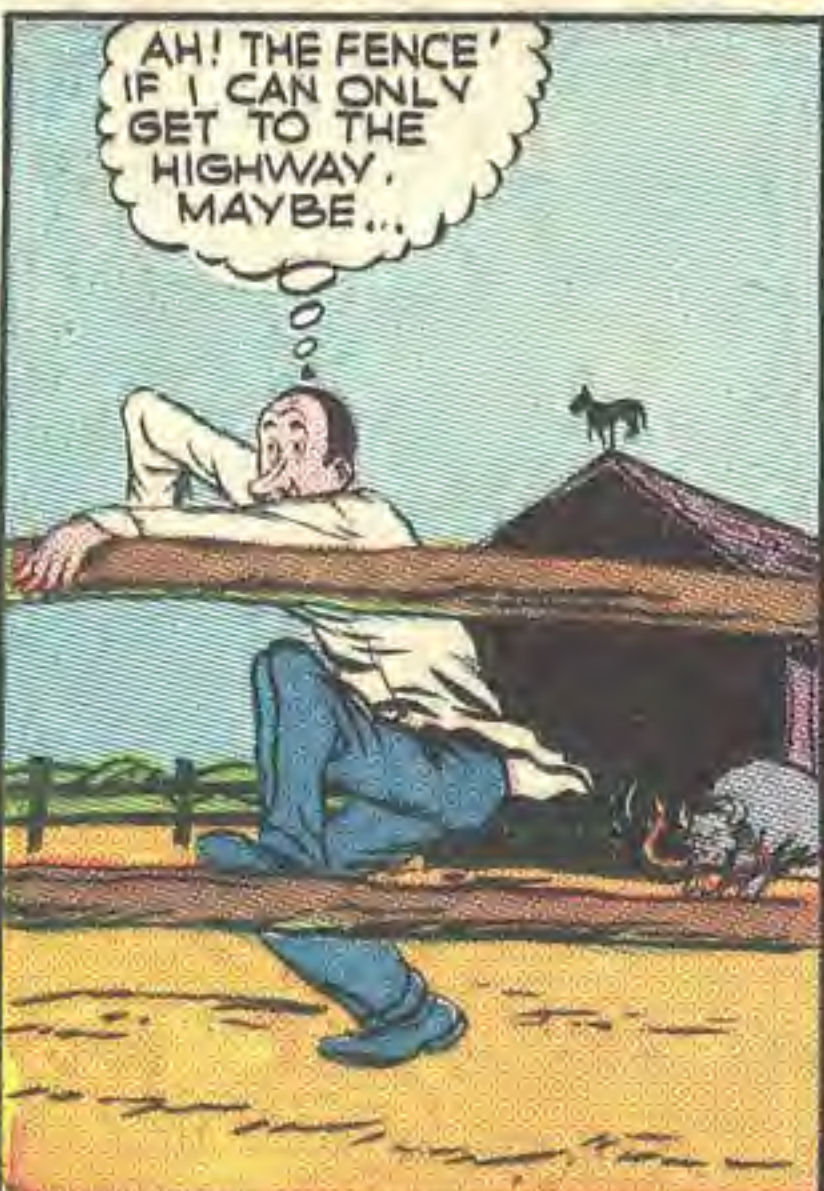
STEP ASIDE, BOSS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'IM MYSELF!

PUT DAT GAT AWAY, STUPID! DA BULLS ARE ALL THROUGH HERE LOOKIN' FOR US!



WELL, WHAT ARE YA GOIN' TO DO WID 'IM, CHIEF?

DON'T DISTOIB 'MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT! SPEAKIN' OF BULLS HAS GAVE ME A IDEA! KEEP MOVIN' YOU!





JEEZ!
HE'S A
DIVE
BOMBER!

RUN!
HE'LL HIT
US!

UHP!



CRIPES! HE
KNOCKED EVERYBODY
OUT! DIS TIME I'LL GET
'IM SURE, COPS OR NO.



THAT WAS A
POLICE SIREN!
I BETTER SCRAM!!!
THE JOINT IS GETTIN'
TOO HOT!



I'M GOIN' BACK
TO THE CITY WHERE
IT'S QUIET! AN' I'LL
TAKE THE JEWELS
WID ME!

THE SIRENS
STOPPED! MAYBE
THE COPS ARE
CLOSIN' IN ON
ME ALREADY!



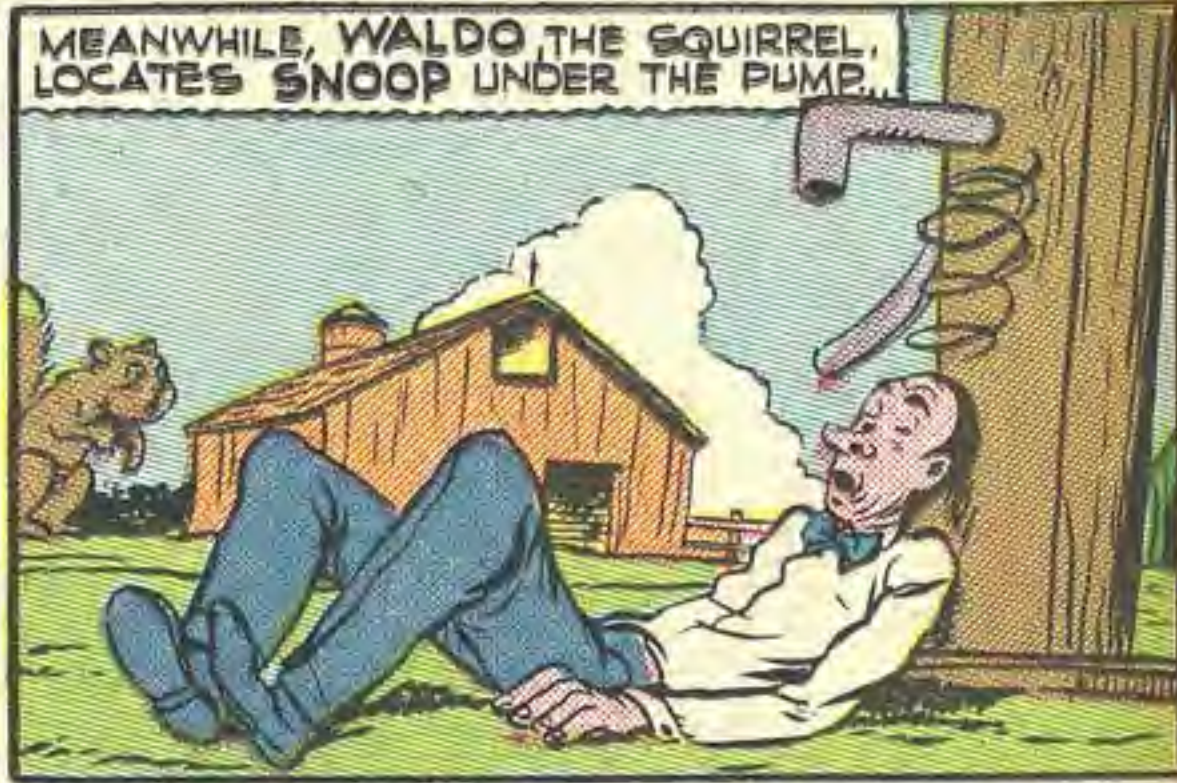
WHILE OUTSIDE...

OH ER..AH...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER, OFFICER,
WAS I SPEED-
ING?

NO,
BRIGHTYES I
ALWAYS BLOW
MY SIREN BE-
CAUSE IT MAKES
SUCH A PRETTY
NOISE?



DAT'S DAT! MAYBE I OUGHTA TAKE ALONG SOME GRUB!



MEANWHILE, WALDO THE SQUIRREL, LOCATES SNOOP UNDER THE PUMP...



PUFF PUFF



BLUB

SPLASH



BOY! WHAT A BREAK THAT WALDO FOUND ME!



FIRST I'LL LOCK THESE GUYS IN THE CORN CRIB BEFORE THEY COME TO!

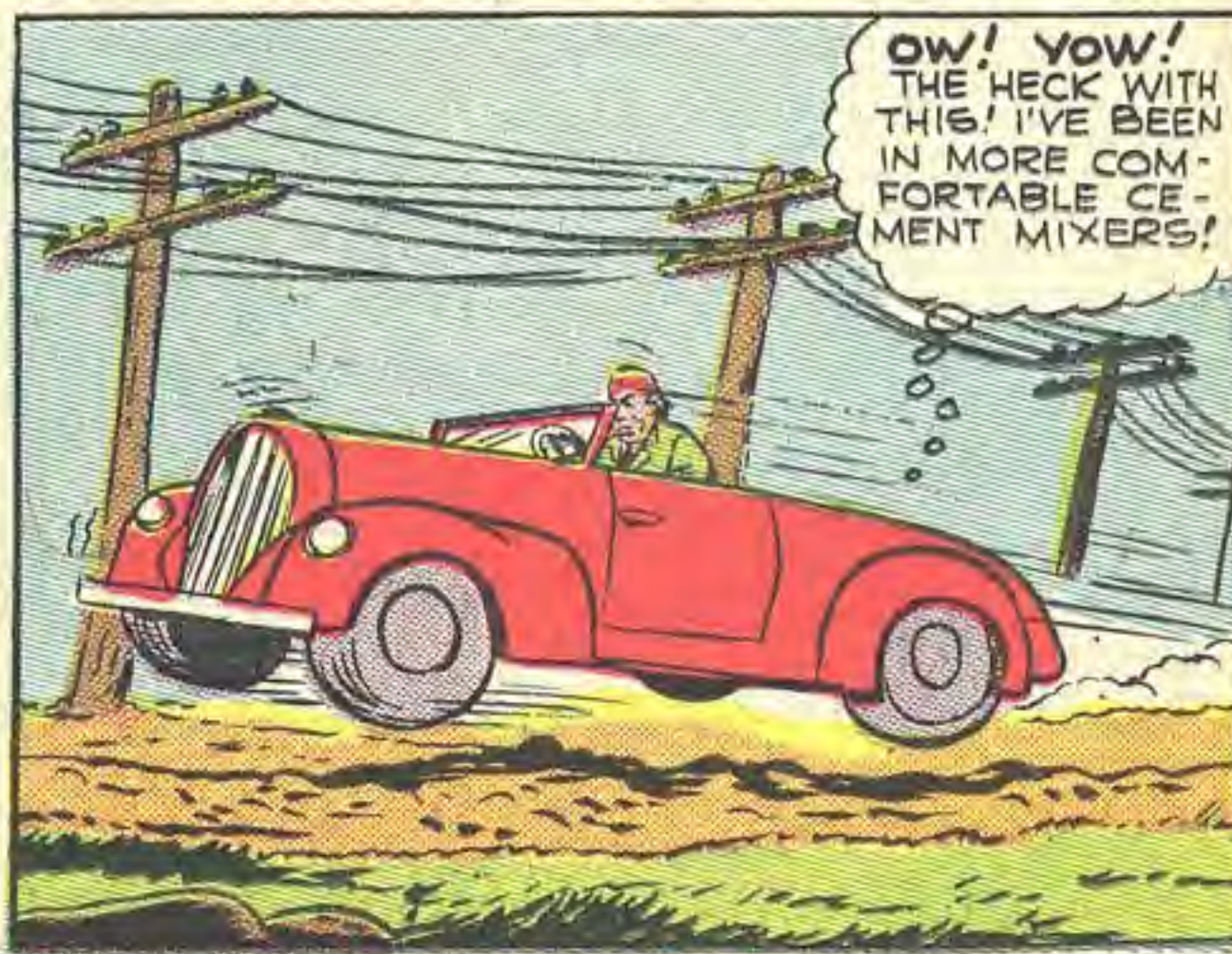


OH OH! THE RINGLEADER! HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE CAR! NO, HE'S GOIN BACK INTO THE HOUSE! C'MON WALDO, HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

CLICK



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WE'LL RIDE ALONG AN' SEE WHERE HE GOES TO!



OW! YOW! THE HECK WITH THIS! I'VE BEEN IN MORE COMFORTABLE CEMENT MIXERS!



ST-ST-ST-STICK EM.



HALP!

BUMP BUMP



I'M GETTIN AWFUL JUMPY LATELY!.... I COULDA SWORE I HOID A FUNNY NOISE!



BUT THE FUNNY NOISE IS RESTING GENTLY ON THE RUMBLE SEAT FLOOR...

OWRRR! WHAT A DRIVER! THESE BUMPS ARE KILLIN' ME!



HA! BURGLAR EQUIPMENT, NO DOUBT! HMM.. I MAY BE ABLE TO USE THIS!



IF I CAN CATCH THIS TREE AND DUCK BACK INTO THE RUMBLE...



EOP!

HEH HEH!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! SO COME OUTTA THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

!!?@*!
OF ALL THE...!



HEH HEH HEH! PRETTY SMART GUY, THIS SNOOP MCGOOK!

#!?
#



A REMARKABLE PIECE OF WORK, MCGOOK! AMAZING! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS GANG FOR MONTHS!

TUT TUT! SUPERIOR BRAINS, CAPTAIN, WILL WIN OUT EVERY TIME!

WE COULD USE A MAN LIKE HIM ON THE FORCE!



SNOOP RETURNS THE COUNT-ESS' STOLEN JEWELS...

YES, YES! GO ON! AND THEN...

SO I LOOKED HIM SMACK IN THE EYE AN' I SEZ LIKE THIS, I SEZ...

TWEET TWEET



W-WHAT WAS THAT?

TWEET TWEET



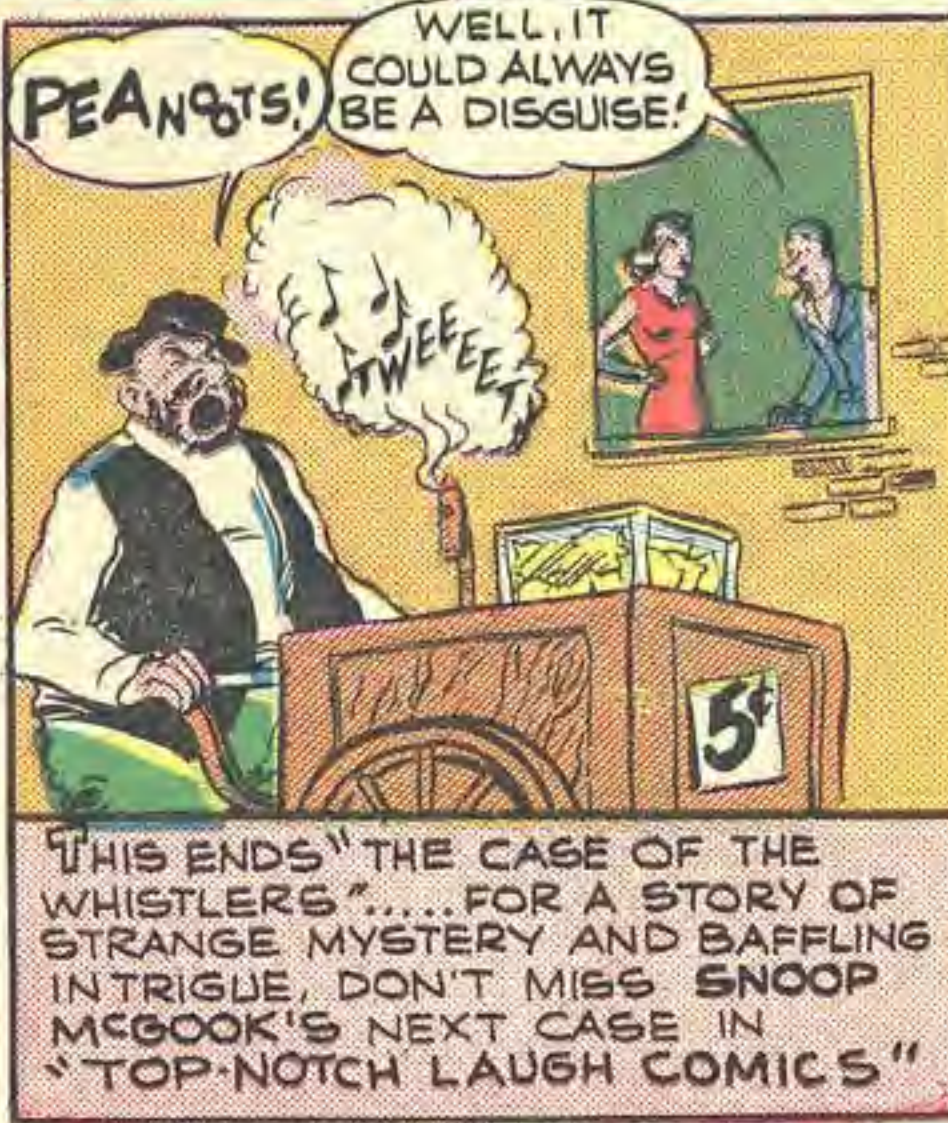
WHY, MR. MCGOOK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THE SOFA?

THAT WHISTLE! IT'S THEM! ... THE WHISTLERS! THEY'RE AFTER ME!



OH, HOW THRILLING! A REAL LIVE WHISTLER! COME AND LOOK!

?



PEANUTS!

WELL, IT COULD ALWAYS BE A DISGUISE!

TWEET TWEET

"THIS ENDS" THE CASE OF THE WHISTLERS "..... FOR A STORY OF STRANGE MYSTERY AND BAFFLING INTRIGUE, DON'T MISS SNOOP MCGOOK'S NEXT CASE IN "TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS"

The Big



YOUR BEST BUYS IN COMICS!

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

A SNOOP MCGOOK STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

WALDO KENNINGTON, president of the American Society of Numismatists, smiled urbanely at Snoop McGook. "You see, Mr. McGook," he said, "we had to phone seven detectives before we came upon one who sounded dumb enough for our needs. You were finally selected for the job."

Snoop McGook nodded. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much." He lit a cigar. "Now, what's this case all about?"

"I'm the head of a society of coin collectors," explained Kennington. "Go on," said Snoop.

Kennington frowned to himself. "Coin collectors are a funny breed," he said. "They're so proud of their ability to detect phony coins that when they get stung they won't prosecute or say anything about it. That's why Donald Pelham is still in business. I'm positive he's crooked, and yet I can't get a single collector to testify against him because they don't want to admit they've been taken in."

"Go on," said Snoop.

"Therefore," continued Kennington, "I want you to go there and buy some rare coins. Pelham's just down the block, second door from Maple Street. He'll never resist the temptation to fleece as dumb a bunny as you. He'll sell you a phony coin, and we'll have the evidence on him."

"I'll get right to work on it," said Snoop, leaping to his feet. "Never fear. We'll have this Pelham in the clink in twenty-four hours."

Donald Pelham had a small store, but an expensive-looking one. Snoop McGook went in.

A man walked quickly over to meet him. "I'm Mr. Pelham," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Pelham had greasy hair, a greasy face, a greasy moustache, and a greasy smile. Snoop gave him a hard stare and said, "I'd like to buy a coin."

Pelham rubbed his hands together. "Ah," he said. "Something in old Roman, no doubt?"

Snoop nodded, and Pelham dipped his hand into a desk drawer. "Here," said the coin dealer, "is a bit of money which should meet your

fancy. Look at it. Observe it carefully. Note the date stamped on the face—18 B. C. And you can have it at an astonishingly small price. Only one hundred dollars!"

A moment later he had the coin in his change pocket, and he ran happily up the street to Kennington's office. "Now to have Mr. Kennington check this coin," he mused.

He walked up to Kennington's outer door and pulled at it. It didn't budge. He yanked again. It still didn't budge. He was about to wrestle with the handle for a third time when he noticed a neat little placard jammed against the outer windowpane. "Open from 9 to 5 daily." It was now 6 o'clock.

Snoop groaned. "Gee whiz, I wanted to get this case over today," he said, aloud. "There's a swell football game on tomorrow, and I wanted to see it." He groaned again. "And I can't go check this coin with some other expert. They charge dough for the service, and that hundred was all I had."

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck him with the force of a lead pipe falling from a height. Why not look at the coin and see if he himself could detect if it was phony?

He pulled out the coin, and peered at it. Slowly, he shook his head. No dice. There was nothing wrong with the coin as far as he could see. And then his mouth opened.

"Holy Mike!" he shouted. "This coin ain't round!"

He was right. The coin was irregular, shaped more like an egg than like a circle. "I've got him dead to rights," said Snoop. "I'll run over there and drag him by his ears to the nearest cop."

He was stern when he walked back into Pelham's store. Pelham came forward to meet him, his greasy face all aglow. "Back already?" he said. "I've got just the thing for you."

"Never mind the sales talk," barked Snoop. "I'm on to you, you crook! The coin's a phony, and I'm going to have you pinched."

The smile faded from Pelham's face, and his lips became hard. "You won't arrest me," he said. "Why, you'll be the laughing-stock of the

coin world, taken in so easily. You'd better drop the whole thing."

Snoop smiled. "You can't scare me that way. I'm not a coin collector. I'm a private dick."

Pelham cursed. "This business has been earning me too much dough to let you queer it." He was leaning against the swinging counter door, and he pushed it forward, hard. It slammed against Snoop's stomach.

Snoop said, "Ugh," as the blow bent him forward. He bent almost double . . . and as he did so, his hard head collided with Pelham's jaw. There was a hollow sound, and Pelham went down on his face.

The next morning Snoop stopped in and explained the whole thing to Kennington. "You'll have to go to the jail to testify against Pelham for me," he said. "I'll be too busy watching a football game."

"Very well," said Kennington. "Let me look at the phony coin."

Snoop handed it to him. "See?" he said proudly. "I knew immediately that the coin was a phony when I saw that it wasn't round."

Kennington had turned white. "Thank Heavens this coin is phony." He whirled on Snoop. "You thick-head, all coins of that period weren't completely round. They were stamped out with stone presses, not with machines. You couldn't expect a perfect roundness. This coin is phony because of the date. Look at what it says. 18 B.C."

Snoop shrugged. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"You don't?" Kennington sighed again. "This is 1942 A.D., and A.D. is a Latin abbreviation for, 'In the Year of our Lord.' In other words, this is 1,942 years after the birth of our Lord. Before his birth, the years are called B.C., standing for 'Before Christ' . . . meaning that this coin was supposed to have been manufactured eighteen years before the birth of Christ. You dumbhead, how could they know eighteen years before the birth of the Lord that he was going to be born eighteen years afterwards?"

Snoop McGook groaned. "Golly," he said. "I hadn't thought of that."

And he was telling the truth. He hadn't.

GLOOMY GUS

STORY BY KEAN

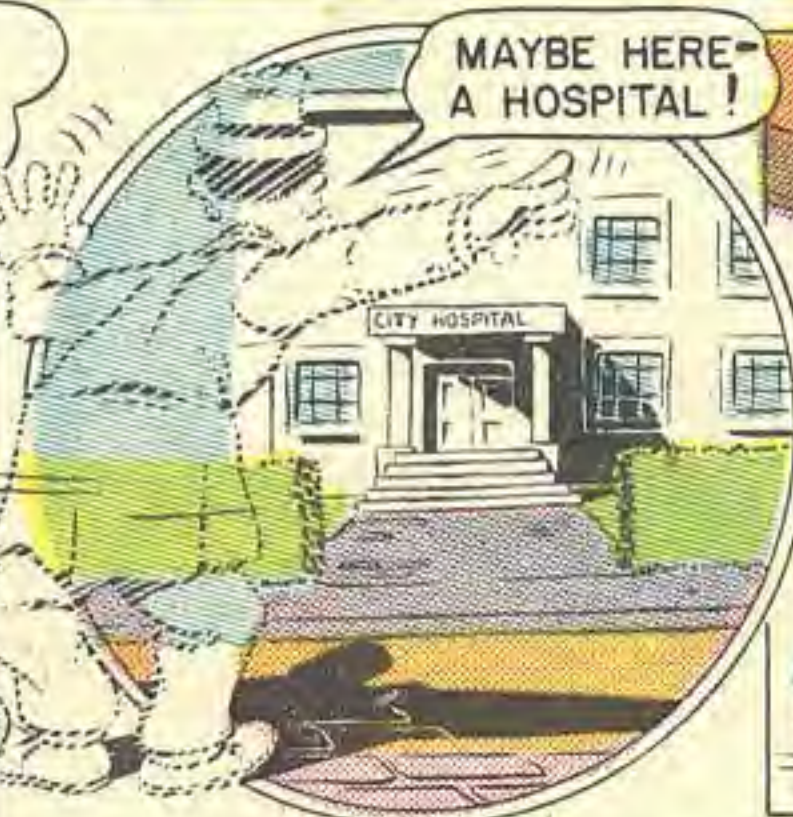
UNLUCKIER THAN MOST- HE CAN'T BE A HUMAN! HE CAN'T BE A GHOST!
HE WANTS A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY!
UNTIL HE FINDS IT GUS WILL BE GLOOMY!

I GOTTA HAVE A BODY, I JUST GOTTA. NOW WHERE WILL I GO?

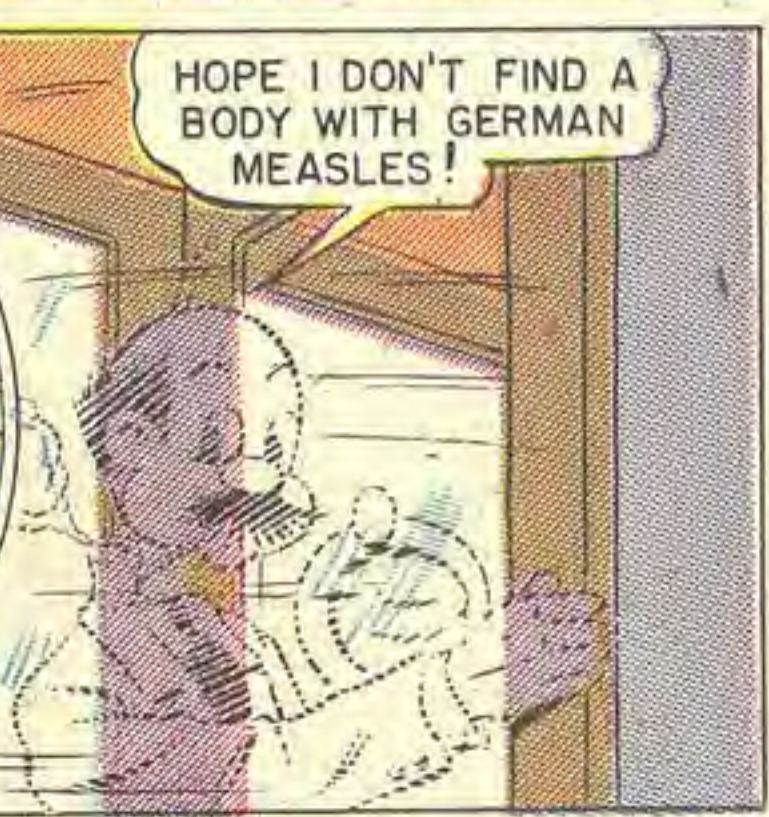
"RED" HOLMDALE



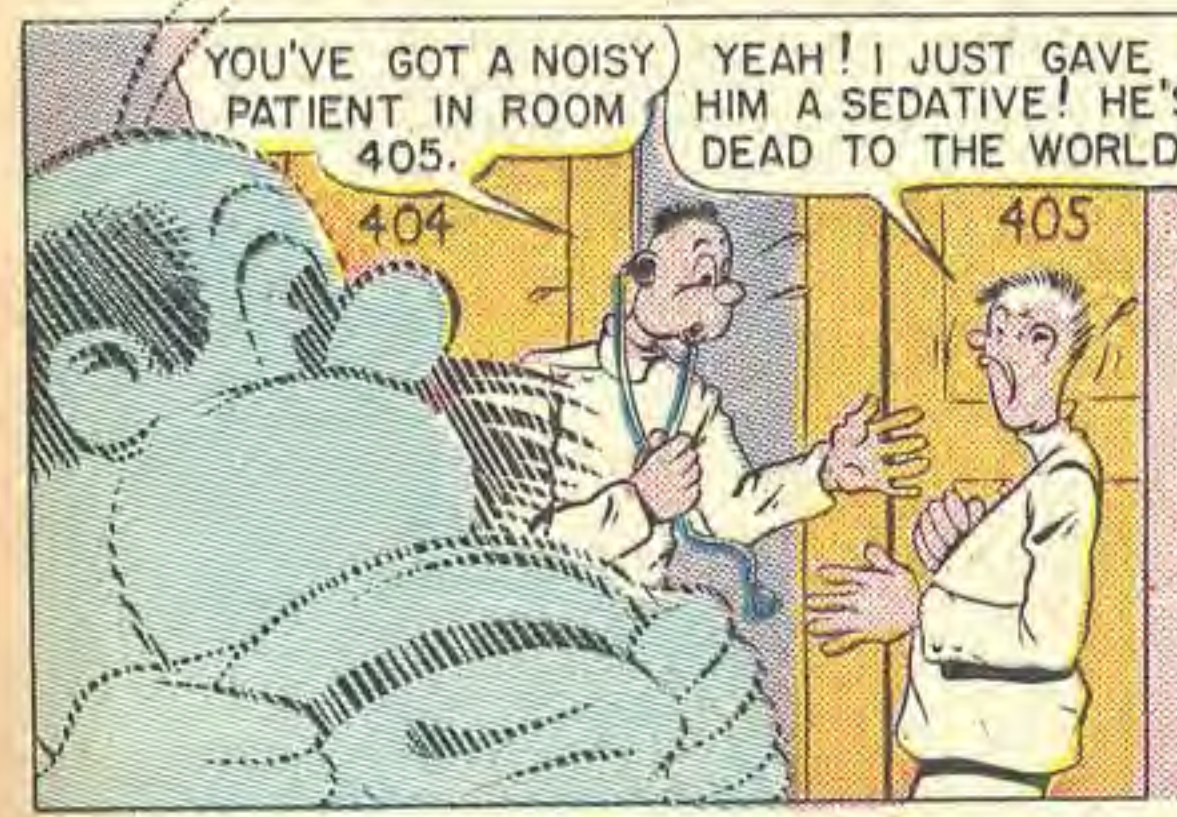
N-NO, I COULDN'T GO IN THERE! IT'S TOO SPOOKY!



MAYBE HERE- A HOSPITAL!



HOPE I DON'T FIND A BODY WITH GERMAN MEASLES!



YOU'VE GOT A NOISY PATIENT IN ROOM 405.

YEAH! I JUST GAVE HIM A SEDATIVE! HE'S DEAD TO THE WORLD!



DEAD, HUH! JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



HECK, HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A MOUSTACHE! OH WELL, I CAN'T BE PARTICULAR!

THIS GUY'S PRETTY CRITICAL NO HOPE!!



HERE I GO!

BUT AS GUS TRIES TO CREEP INTO THE SUPPOSED CORPSE.....

SAY, BUD! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!

B-BUT I UNDERSTOOD THERE WAS A VACANCY IN THAT BODY!

WELL THERE AIN'T SEE! I AIN'T MOVED OUT YET. I AIN'T GOIN' TO FOR A LONG TIME. SCRAM!



(ULP) MY MISTAKE. HEH HEH! AH.. S'LONG!

POOR GLOOMY GUS, HIS LIFE IS SHODDY! WHERE OH WHERE WILL HE FIND A BODY?



GEE, A CIRCUS. WONDER IF I COULD FIND ANY BODY THERE?

O.K. READERS! LET'S LEAVE GUS FOR A MOMENT AND DUCK INTO THE CIRCUS, AND SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.



STEP RIGHT UP. ONLY A SMALL DIME FOR A BIG THRILL FOLKS!



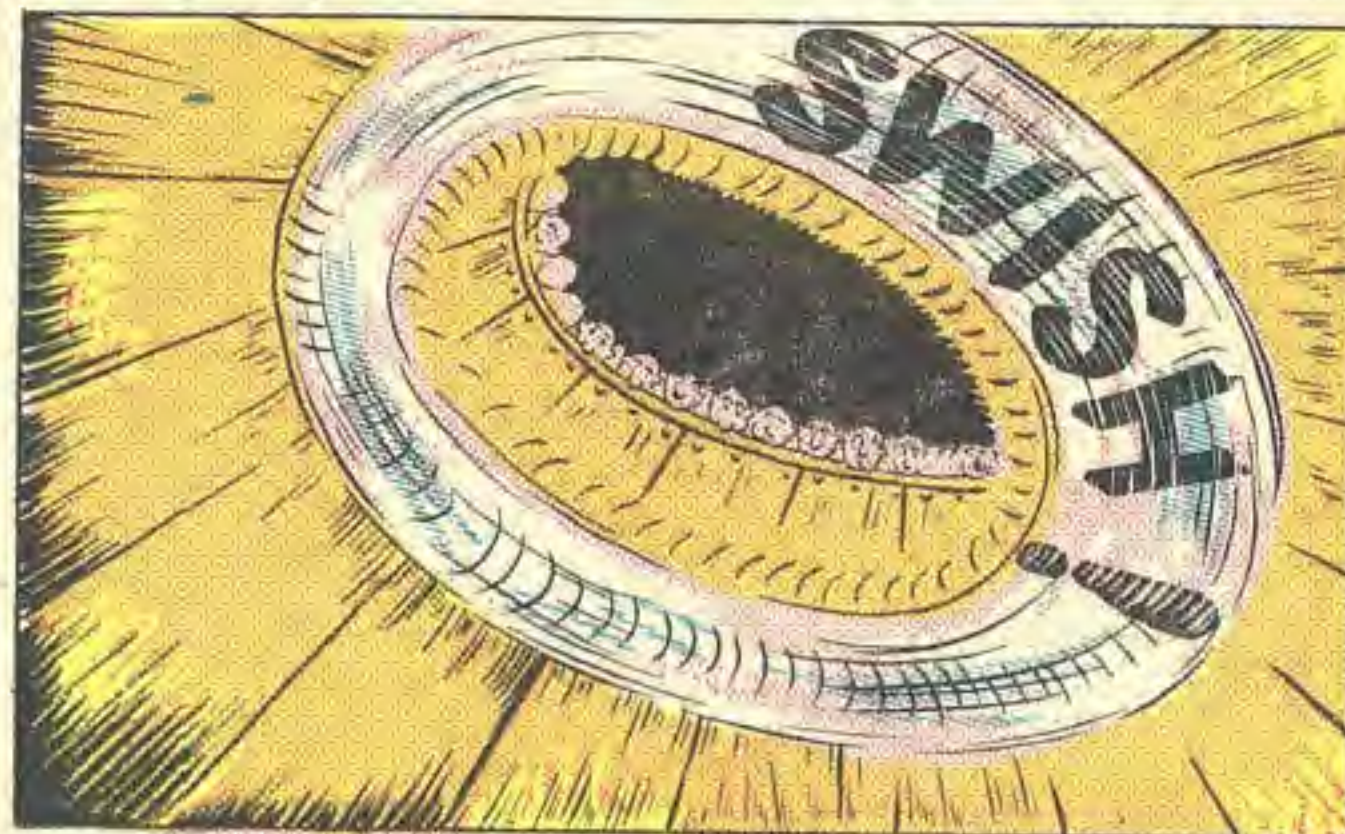
LOOK, THERE GOES THE SPEED MAN!

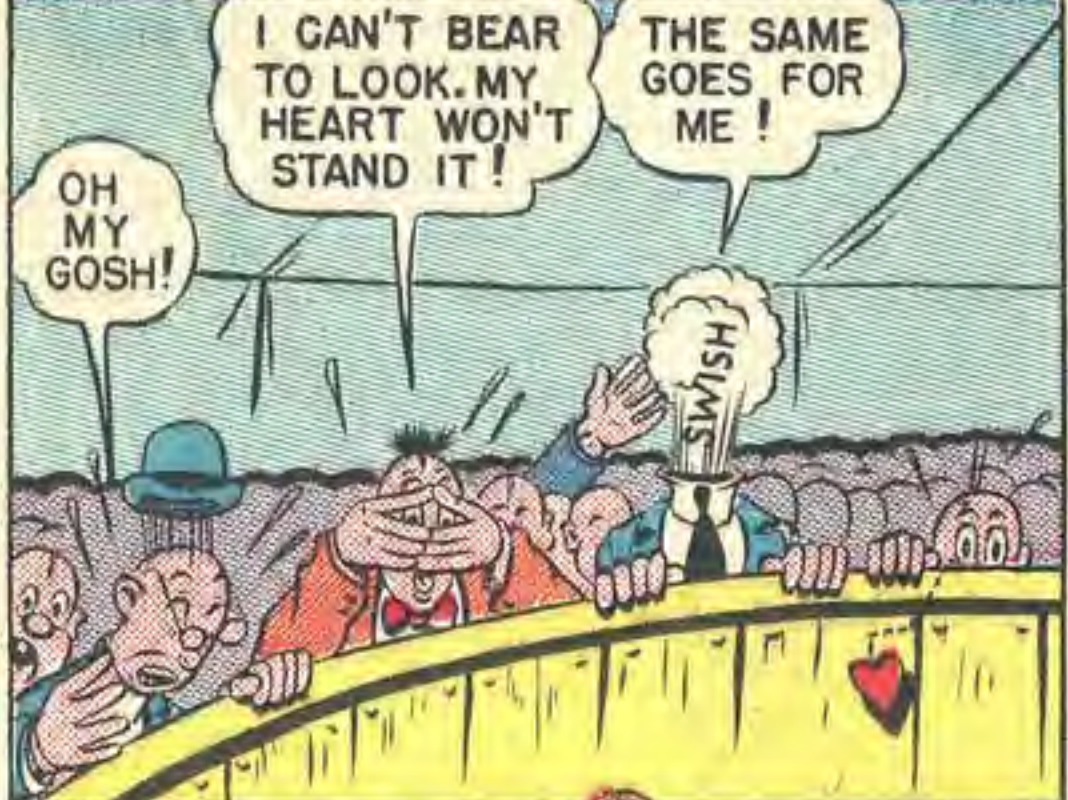
BIG CROWD TODAY! TROUBLE IS I CAN NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN THIS BUSINESS!



HE'S GETTING UP SPEED NOW!

LOOKIT HIM GO.....!



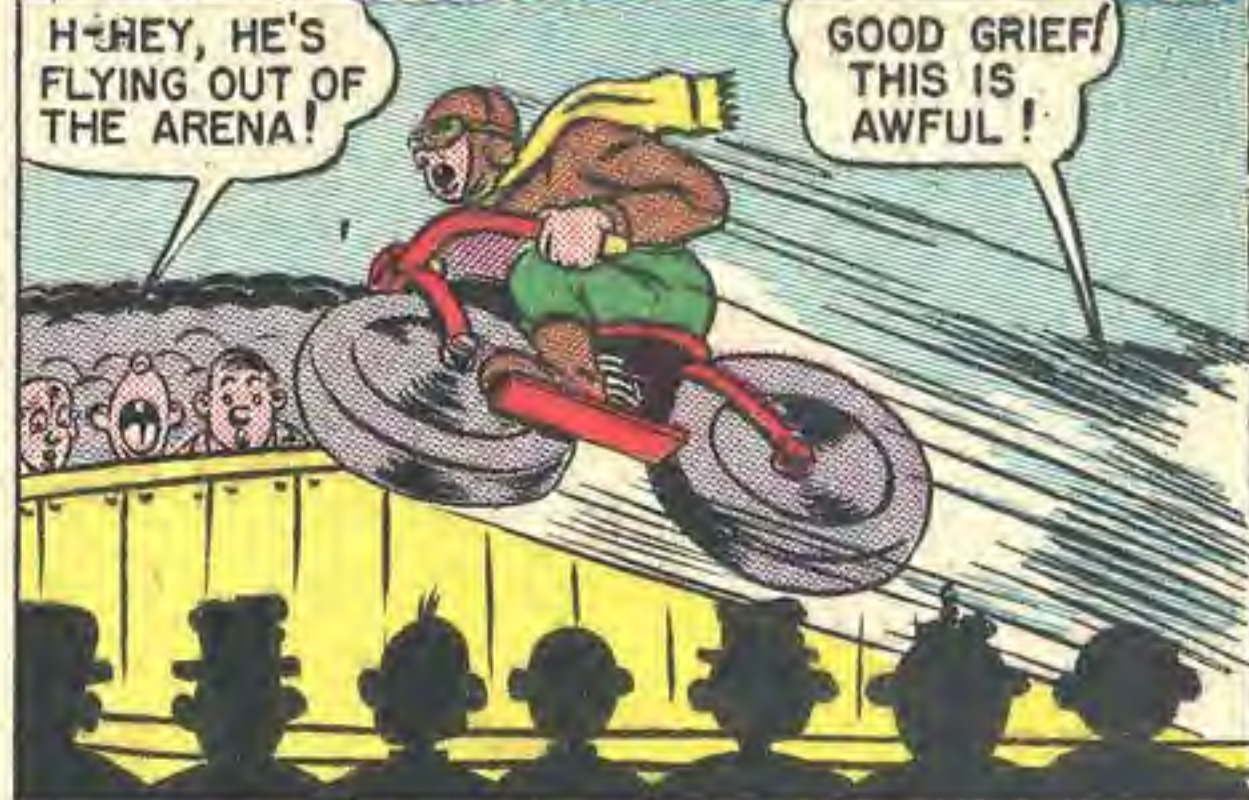


OH MY GOSH!

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK. MY HEART WON'T STAND IT!

THE SAME GOES FOR ME!

SWISH



H-HEY, HE'S FLYING OUT OF THE ARENA!

GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS AWFUL!



HMM! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?



SAY, FELLA! CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO ST. PETES?

TAKE THE SECOND CLOUD TO YOUR LEFT! WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT?



MY BODY! I JUST DIED!

W-WHAT?



GANGWAY I'VE FOUND MYSELF A BODY!

ZIP!

DON'T BE FOOLED, FOLKS... THE GUY MAY LOOK LIKE GUS TO YOU, BUT TO EVERYONE ELSE IN THE CROWD, IT LOOKS LIKE THE CORPSE GETTING UP.....



YEEOW! HE WAS DEAD A MINUTE AGO!

S-SAY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE-I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE- THINK I'LL GO HOME!



WHY GO HOME? IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET ON WITH YOUR ACT!

ACT WHAT ACT?

SPEED MAN
THE FASTEST HUMAN DRESSING ROOM



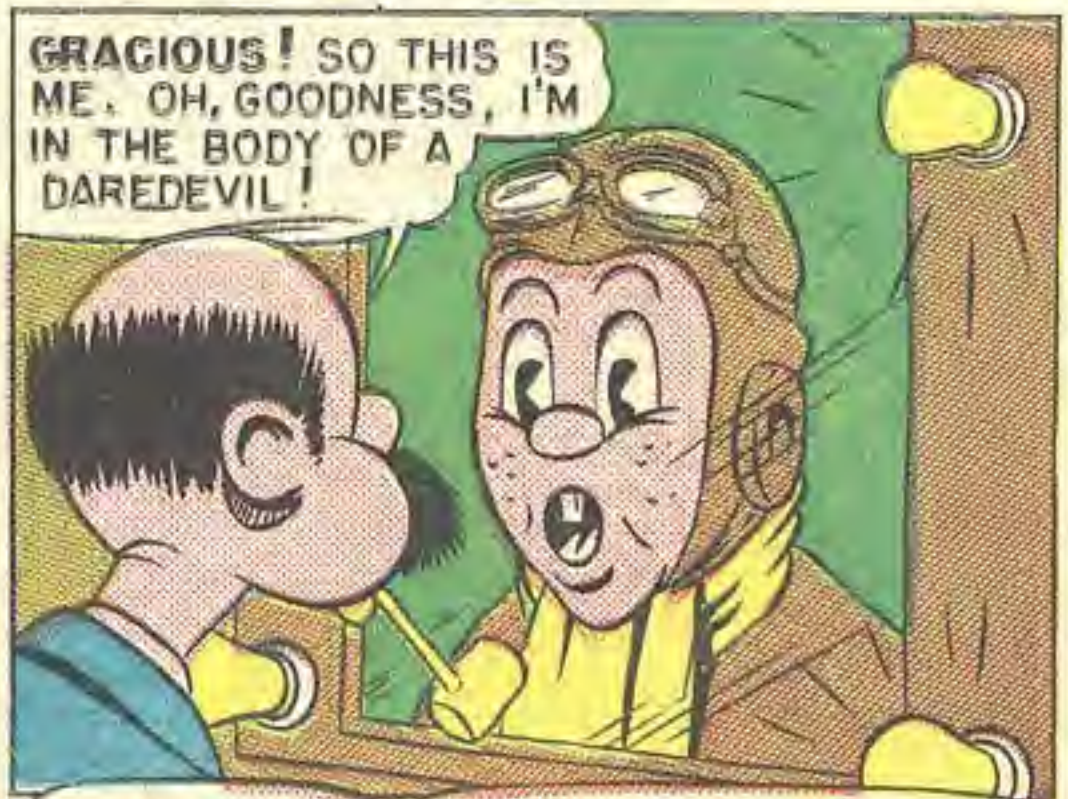
YOU'RE ON NEXT! SO HURRY UP!



AND NOW PRESENTING THE SENSATIONAL-SPECTACULAR HUMAN CANNONBALL!



GRACIOUS! SO THIS IS ME. OH, GOODNESS, I'M IN THE BODY OF A DAREDEVIL!



B-BUT LOOK... I-I'M NOT.....

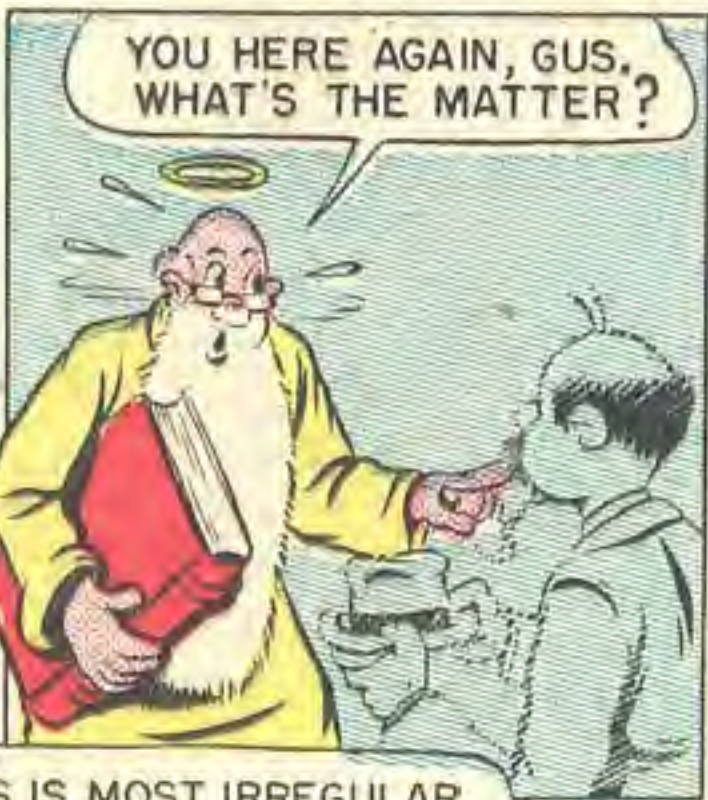
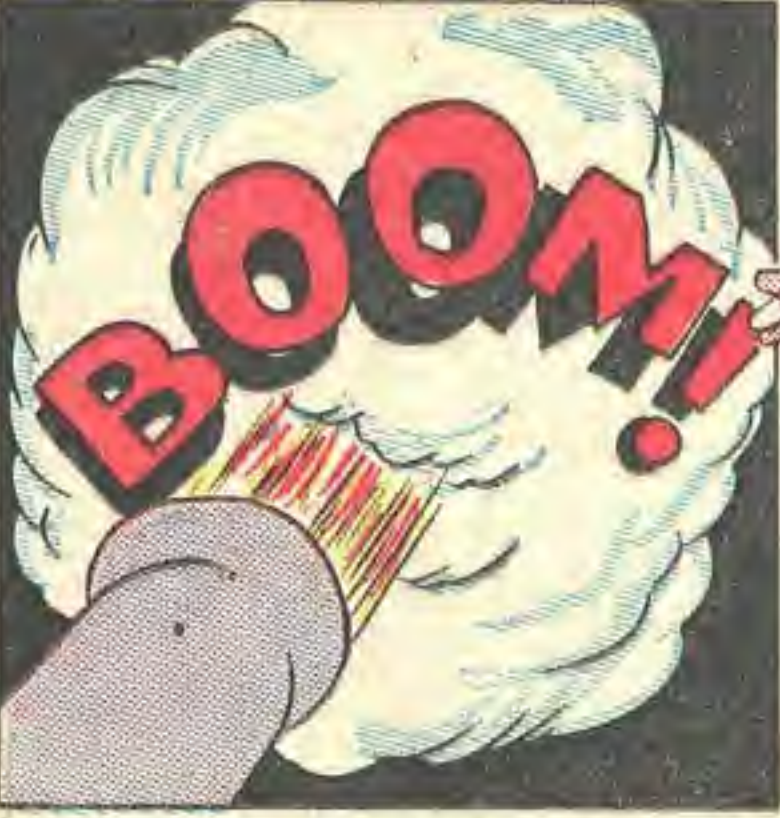
G'MON, YOU DOPE, YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE ACT!



HEAVE!

HO!





SUZIE

ADAGIO
HE TANGOS
WITH A
BANGO

OH, MY!
OH, DEAR!

OH
HO!

CLICK
CLACK

CLICKITY
CLACK

by
RED
HOLPIDALE
AND
KEAN

COGITATE (LOOK WORD
UP. I HAD TO!) UPON
THE LAST TIME WE SAW
SUZIE. SHE'D LANDED
HERSELF SMACK IN THE
MIDDLE OF A BROADWAY
STAGE ON THE OPENING
NIGHT--- WITHOUT THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT
TO DO NEXT! JUST COGIT-
TATE! (WHAT! YOU HAVEN'T
LOOKED THAT WORD UP
YET?)

A NEW PARTNER, EH?
COME, MY PRETTY!

I-I ER...
THINK I'M IN
THE WRONG
COMIC STRIP!

A FLIP OF THE WRIST -
AND YOU'VE GOT A
NEW TWIST! S000-O!

POOYAH!

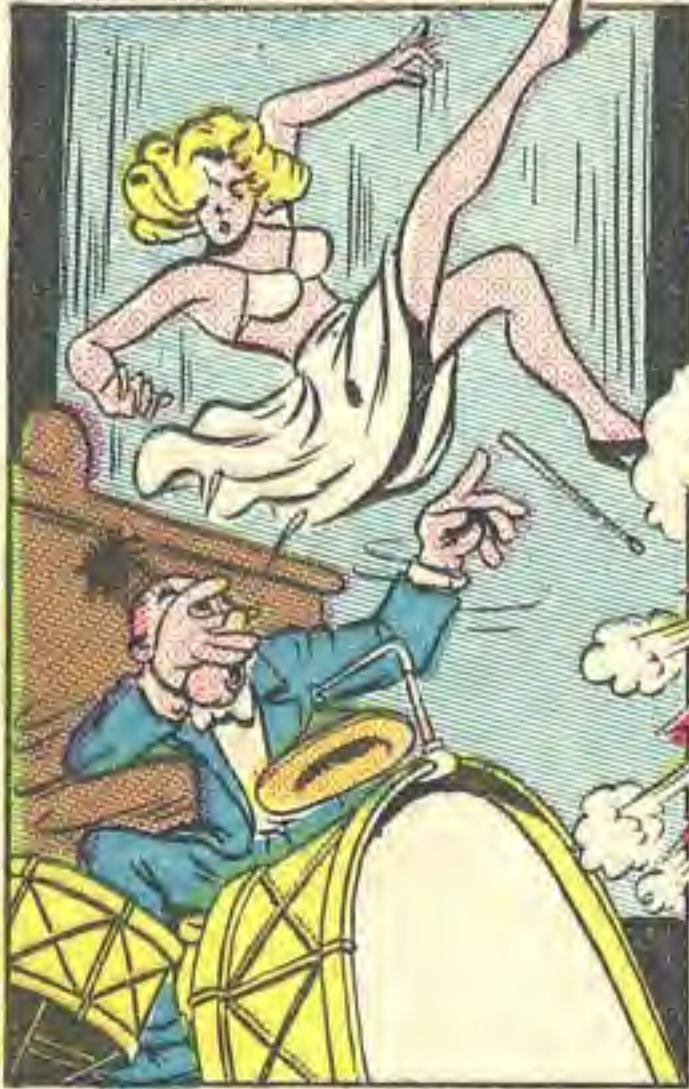
COME, CARA MEE-A,
YOU'RE IN GREAT
SHAPE FOR A HEP
STEP!

MEANWHILE THE FLABBERGAS-
TED PRODUCER OF THE SHOW
WATCHES!

ULP! HOW DID SUZIE
GET OUT THERE?

ALLEY ONE...ALLEY TWO
ALLEY THREE.....





OOF! HOW COULD YOU FIRE HER? WE MUST FIND HER!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE HER TRACED... GET ME THE LOST AND FOUND!

SEARCH EVERYWHERE!

FIND HER!
FIND SUZIE!

MEANWHILE DISHEARTENED SUZIE LOOKS FOR A JOB!

WESTERN UNION

I CAN RIDE A BICYCLE!

SO YOU WANT A JOB, EH WELL, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

SPECIAL TODAY 3 AND 2 WORDS FOR 5¢

...ER... RIDE BICYCLE... ER... YOU'RE HIRED!

HOURS LATER AT THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE.....

THAT'S THE END! NOBODY CAN LOCATE HER! SUZIE'S DISAPPEARED!

NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT TELEGRAPH HOLLYWOOD I CAN'T FIND HER! WELL LET'S GO!

IT SURE IS A SHAME! SHE WAS A BIG FIND!

NOW SHE'S A BIG LOSS!

WESTERN UNION

PRIVATE

I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO..... SUZIE - YOU!

SUZIE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WE WANT YOU!

OH DEAR! THEY WANT TO SUE ME FOR RUINING THE SHOW!

MY... GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

ZIP!

G-GEE, JUST ESCAPED IN TIME!

LET'S CHASE HER ON A BIKE!

STOP! STOP!

I CAN'T RIDE THESE THINGS!

DON'T LOSE



LIKE A SNAKE WITH A STOMACH ACHE SUZIE VEERS ACROSS THE STREET!

AHH! MY 'NEW DRUM! I'M ALMOST GLAD SUZIE BUSTED THE OTHER ONE! THIS IS A PEACH!

....IN BETWEEN THESE TROLLEYS



HEADS UP! COMING.....

...THROUGH!

HATE TO BREAK IN ON YOU LIKE THIS!

NOW I'LL JUST TRY AND SQUEEZE THROUGH HERE AND.... OOOF!



GRRR! THIS IS THE SECOND DRUM RUINED BY THAT FUGITIVE FROM A BICYCLE CHAIN!



BUT LOOK! SUZIE DOESN'T GET VERY FAR BEFORE—



OH DEAR! THEY'VE GOT ME



SUZIE! AT LAST! THIS IS MR. GOLD-FARB OF MAGNIFICENT PICTURES...

...INCORPORATED! (PUFF PUFF)



HERE YOU ARE SUZIE! JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE!

G-GOSH! HOLLYWOOD! I CAN MEET TYRONE POWER!

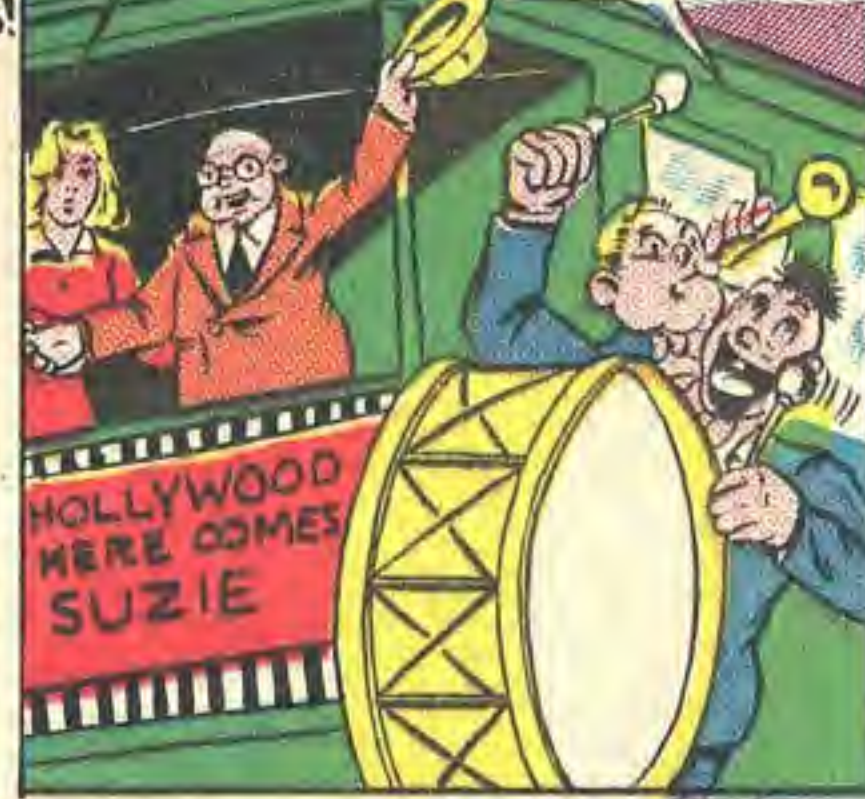


LATER... SUZIE GETS A SENDOFF AT THE STATION!

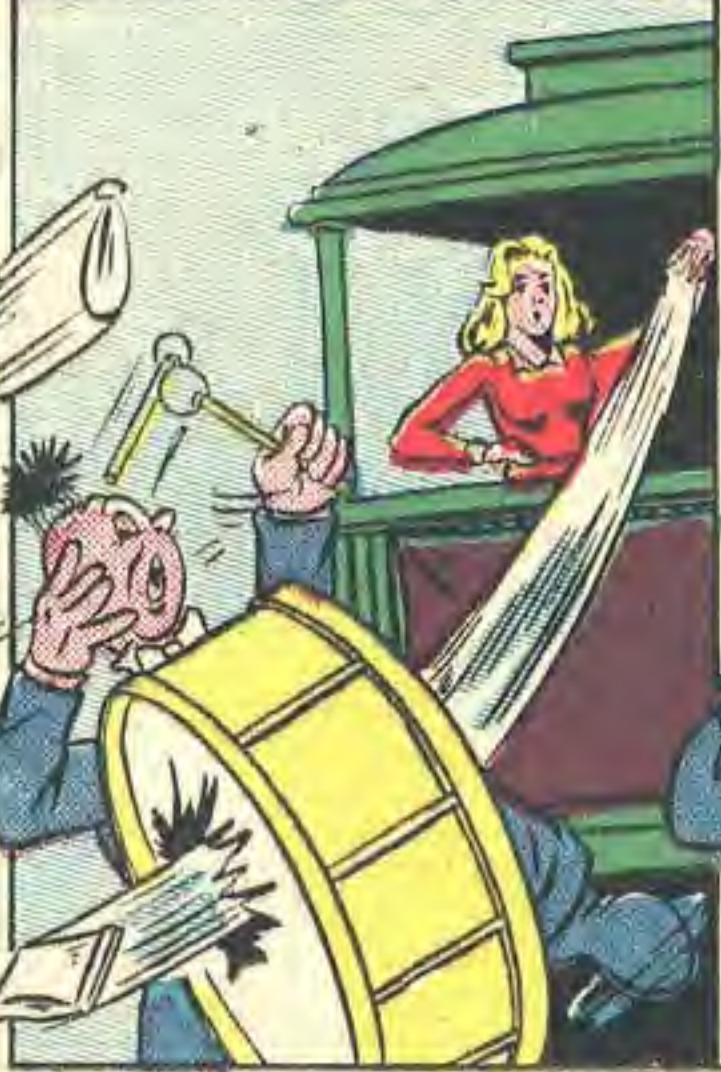


BYE BYE!

THIS IS MY THIRD DRUM THIS WEEK! BOY, AM I GLAD SUZIE'S GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!



GOOM BYE....BYE...— OOH! MY BAG SLIPPED!



GRRRRR! THIS IS TOO MUCH! I'M GOING TO PLAY THE PHONOGRAPH FROM NOW ON!



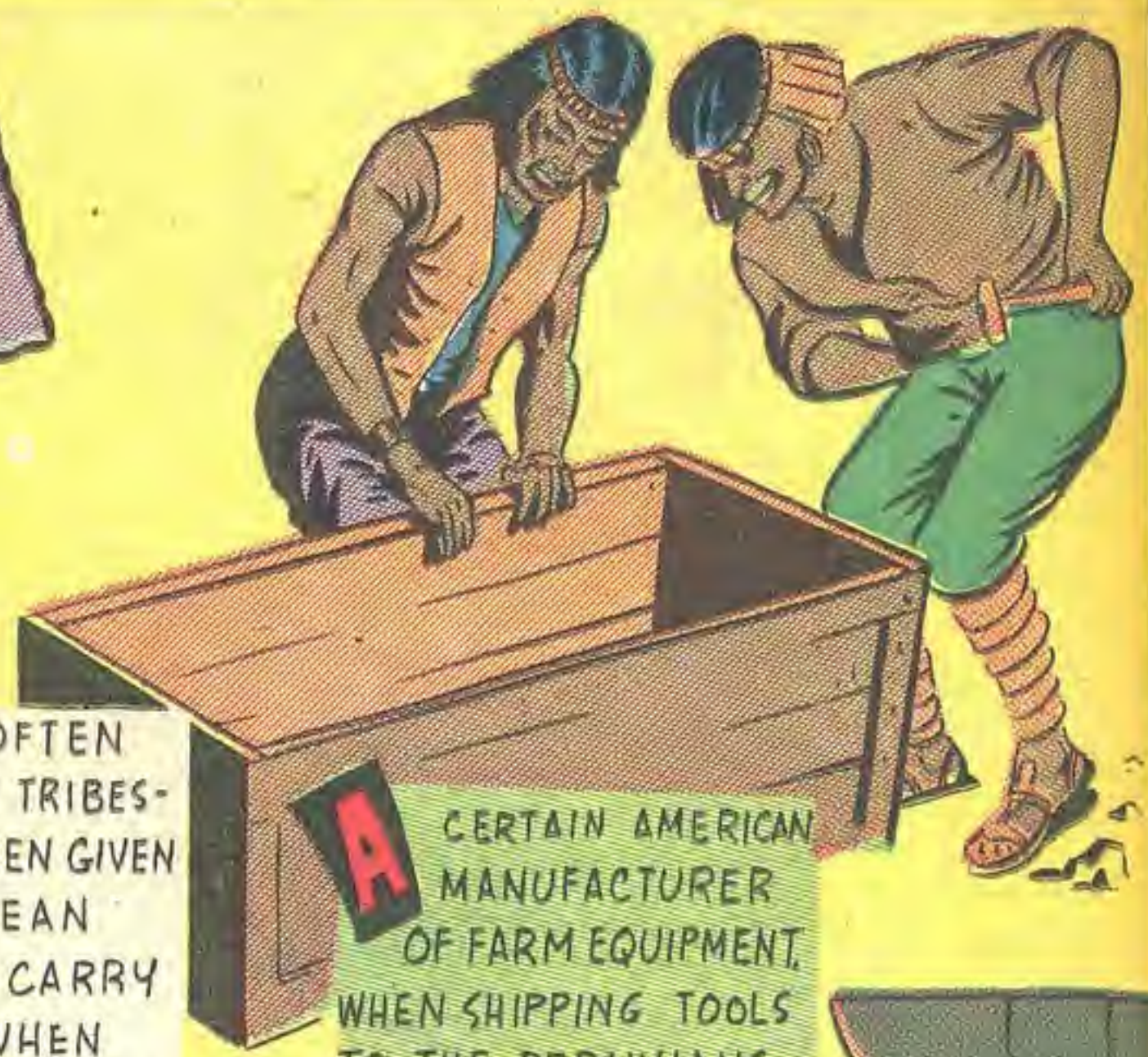
WATCH NEXT MONTH'S TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMIGS FOR THE FIRST REEL OF SUZIE'S HOLLYWOOD SCREAM TESTS !!!



WORLD WONDERS



VERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!



A CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR **COFFINS!**



CAMELS WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.



IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID, WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.

PERCY



STEVE!
WATCH OUT FOR
THAT FLYING-MARE...
OOOOOH! PERCY'S
GOT HIM!

YEA BOY!
LOOKIT
PERCY GO!

ABOUT THE ONLY THING IN HILLTOP THE PLUMMER S DON'T OWN IS THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE - AND MR. PLUMMER IS TRYING TO SWING A DEAL ON THAT.

BUT AS FAR AS PERCY PLUMMER, THE ONLY SON AND HEIR, IS CONCERNED, YOU CAN HAVE HIS SHARE OF THE FAMILY'S WEALTH. JUST LET HIM "BE ONE OF THE GANG"... THAT'S ALL HE ASKS FOR, AND DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING HE'S A SISSY. ONE OF THE WRESTLERS ON THE HILLTOP HIGH WRESTLING TEAM DID ... AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM...

NICE GOING, PERCY
OLE KID! YOU'RE
A CINCH TO
MAKE THE
TEAM NOW!

YEAH! AND
THE BOYS
WANT YOU
IN THE FRAT-
ERNITY!....
INVITATION'S
FRIDAY NIGHT!

THIS IS
INDEED
AN HONOR.
I'LL BE
PROUD TO
JOIN!



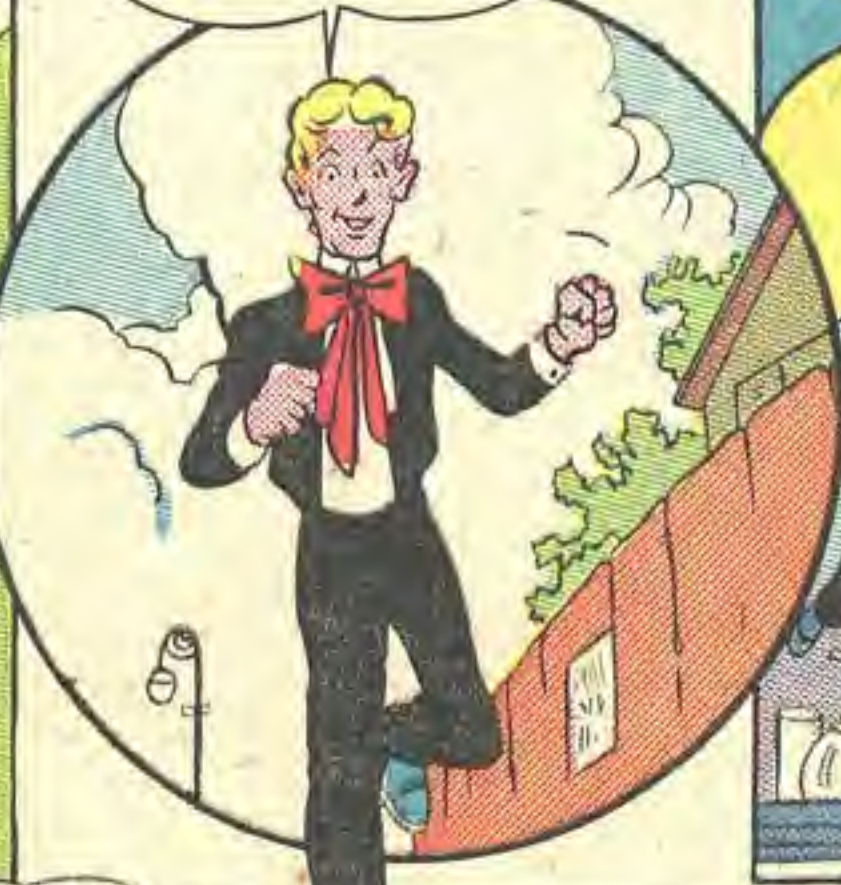
GEE, BUTCH, YOU'RE CAPTAIN OF THE WRESTLING TEAM! HOW COME YOU'RE GONNA LET PERCY JOIN UP?

NEVER MIND! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'! I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FER A CHANCE TO GET THAT PANTY-WAIST-AND THIS GIVES IT TO ME!

MY WORD! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TELL THIS TO THE MATER AND PATER!

MATER! GUESS WHAT?

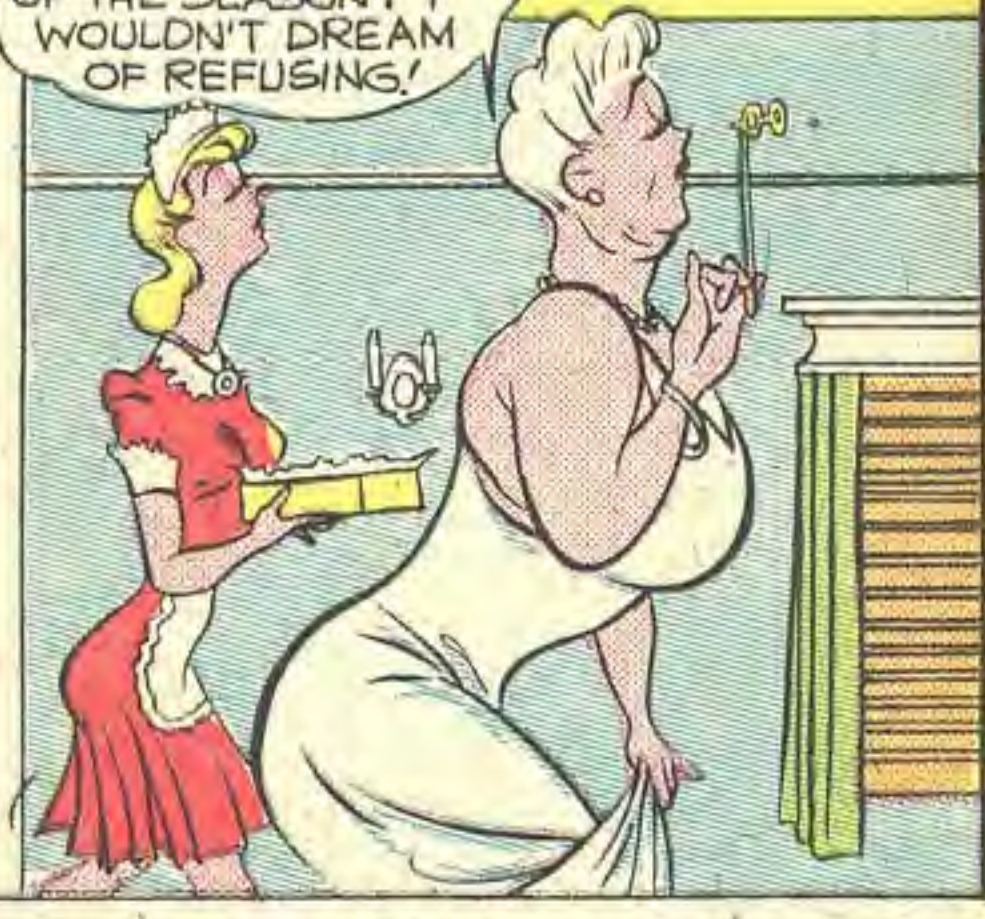
PERCIVAL, DEAH, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME INTO THE ROOM SHOUTING! IT'S SOOOO VULGAR!



PERCIVAL, DEAH! I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! MISS DEBORAH CHUTNEY, THE SUB-DEB, IS HAVING HER COMING-OUT PARTY THIS FRIDAY NIGHT AND YOU ARE TO BE HER ESCORT!

FRIDAY NIGHT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MATER! I'VE ALREADY ACCEPTED TO ATTEND A FRATERNITY INITIATION!

DON'T ARGUE, PERCIVAL! THIS IS THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF REFUSING!



AND SO THE DAYS SLIP BY - DAYS OF WORRY FOR PERCY

OH DEAR, I'LL HAVE TO GO TO MOTHERS PARTY OR SHE'S LIABLE TO TAKE ME OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL!



FRIDAY NIGHT... OH WELL, I'M IN FOR IT NOW... WHERE'S MY MOTHER, ROLAND?

THE MADAM WENT ON AHEAD, MASTER PERCIVAL! SHE SAID FOR YOU TO HURRY, SIR!



I'LL RUN OVER TO THE FRATERNITY HOUSE FIRST AND EXPLAIN TO THE GANG!



HELLO, POICY! YOU'RE EARLY!
HOLY COW! LOOK AT THE GET UP! THIS IS ONLY AN INITIATION, PERCY, NOT AN AMBASSADOR'S BALL!

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, FELLOWS! I CAN'T ATTEND TONIGHT! YOU SEE THE CHUTNEYS, THEY...



HA HA! HE'S YELLOW! I KNEW HE'D BACK OUT! THE PANSY!



SIR, THE PANSY IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE FLOWERS, BUT WHEN USED IN REFERENCE TO MYSELF, I REGRET IT!

AWW! NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?



THIS!

WHACK



HOLY SOCKS! BUTCH IS OUT COLDER THAN AN ICE-CUBE!

I'M SORRY TO, HAVE HAD TO RESORT TO FISTICUFFS! OFFER MY APOLOGIES TO BUTCH WHEN HE WAKES UP!



AND SO, THE EVENING WEARS ON UNTIL THE CHUTNEY PARTY IS IN FULL SWING...

PERCIVAL, YOU SEEM RATHER BORED! AREN'T YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME?

ER...AH...OF COURSE, MISS DEBORAH! UH, PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL, I ASSURE YOU!

MARGUERITE - YOU KNOW, MY DEAR - I FEEL RATHER GUILTY PULLING PERCY AWAY FROM HIS FRATERNITY PARTY! HE DID WANT TO GO RATHER BADLY!

NONSENSE, JASPER! HE'S HAVING A DELIGHTFUL TIME! JUST LOOK AT HIM DANCING WITH DEBORAH! DON'T THEY MAKE A PERFECTLY SPLENDID COUPLE?

MEANWHILE...

WOW! HE'S OUT OF IT AT LAST! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D HAVE TO USE A FIRE HOSE!

WH...WHAT HIT ME? DID YA GET HIS LICENSE NUMBER?

THE DIRTY !!!??*! HE HIT ME WHEN I WUZN'T LOOKIN! BUT I'M GOIN' OVER TO THAT CHUTNEY SHINDIG AND GET EVEN WITH HIM!



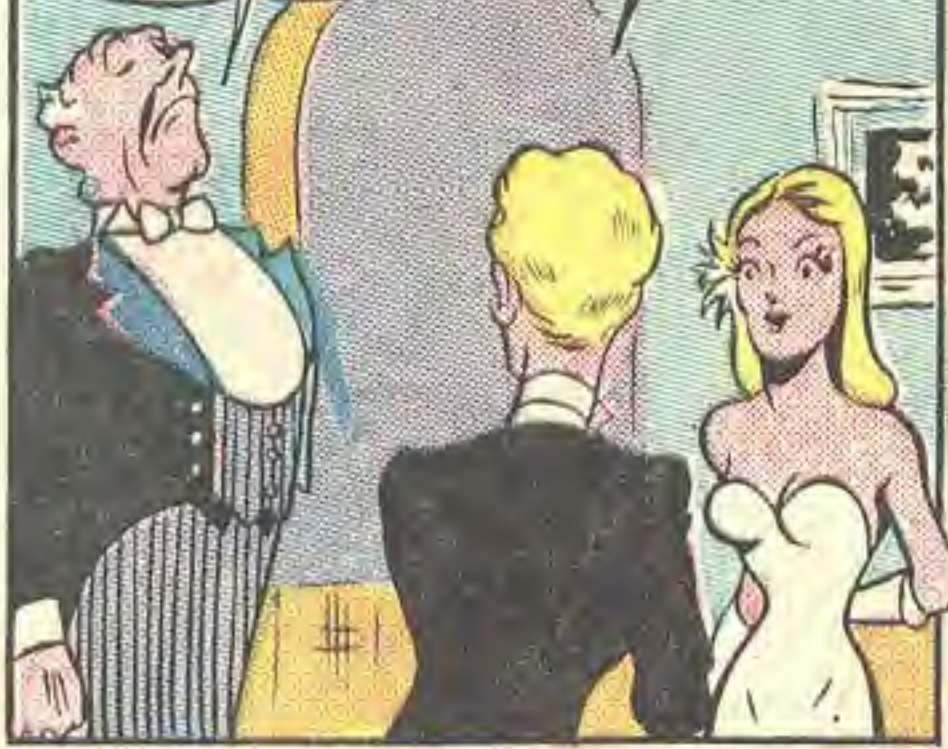
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MASTER PERCIVAL! THERE ARE SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU IN THE GARDEN!

HMM...MUST BE THE CHAPS FROM MY FRATERNITY!

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, MISS DEBORAH!

I'D RATHER LIKE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS IF I MIGHT, PERCIVAL?

HE SHOULD BE OUT ANY SECOND, FELLERS! PLASTER HIM GOOD WITH THIS MUD!



AFTER YOU, MISS DEBORAH!

THANK YOU!

GIVE IT TO HIM!

EEEEEEK

THAT WAS A MOST UNGENTLEMANLY PERFORMANCE! REMOVE YOUR COAT, BUTCH!

NOW YER COOKIN'! AN'TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF TOO - BECAUSE WE'RE GONNA WRESTLE THIS TIME!





VERY WELL, MASTER BUTCH! AS YOU WISH!

BOY! I BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME TO PAY YOU BACK!



AND THIS IS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT, SUCKER!



EEE... THIS IS TERRIBLE! I MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS BLOODSHED!



OOO... I'M GOING TO FAINT!

AND YOU SAY THEY'RE BRAWLING IN THE GARDEN?

YES! IT'S AWFUL!



BY JOVE! WHAT A REVOLTING SPECTACLE!

GOOD LORD! IT'S PERCIVAL! STOP THEM, SOMEONE!



OH! HOW DISGUSTING! A COMMON BRAWL..... DO YOU THINK PERCIVAL WILL WIN, FATHER?

YOU BET YOUR SILK STOCKINGS HE'LL WIN, MAGGIE!... HARUMPH, I MEAN, I HOPE SO, MARGUERITE!



CLAUDIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE WITH THE GUESTS?

THAT'S MY SON IN THERE, MAM! COME ON, BUTCH! KNOCK HIS EARS OFF!



CLEVAH WORK, MY BOY! TOSS THE BLIGHTER! GIVE HIM THE HEAVE-HO!

BUTCH, YA DUMMY! GET OUTTA THAT FULL-NELSON!

HOT DIGGITY! ATTA BOY, SON!

HOW'S THIS, MAW?

PERCY! GET UP! DON'T LET THAT BLUBBERHEAD THROW YOU!

MOIDER THE BUM!

THUMP

HA! DID YOU SEE THAT? LOOK WHOSE SON IS WINNING NOW...! YOU OLD COW!

WHO YOU CALLIN' AN' OLD COW, GASHOUSE MAGGIE? YOU WERE ALWAYS OLDER THAN ME UNCLE TIM AND HE DIED OF OLD AGE!

SLOP!

THAT DOES IT! PUT UP YOUR DUKES AND FIGHT LIKE A WOMAN!

SO IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT. I ALWAYS WUZ ABLE TO LICK YOU IN THE OLD DAYS - AN' I STILL CAN!

GIVE IT TO HER, MAGGIE! THE OLD ONE-TWO! PAY HER BACK FOR THE TIME SHE PUT MAGNESIA IN MY MULLIGAN STEW!

HOORAY! MAGGIE'S GOT HER NOW!

C'MON PERCY! PIN HIM DOWN!

IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS, MAGGIE! IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS!

HOLY COW! WHAT KIND OF A CLAMBAKE IS THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE GERMANS AND RUSSIANS HAVE MOVED IN ON THE CHUTNEYS!

POLICE

WHEEEEEEEEEEE

DAILY TABLOID

SOCIETY PAGE

LONG-STANDING GASHOUSE FEUD SETTLED AT SWANK SOCIETY AFFAIR!

'400" THRILL AS MRS. J.B. PLUMM PROVES EVEN THE BEST PEOPLE

THE WELL-KNOWN MRS. PLUMMER AND CLAUDIA AT 4TH PRECINCT

WELL, I GUESS THAT LITTLE EPISODE WILL ASSURE MY CONTINUANCE AT PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL BUT I NEVER EXPECTED MATER TO RESORT TO SUCH DRASTIC ACTIONS, GAD!

DONT MISS OUR NEXT STORY AS PERCY PROVES THEY HAVE MUSCLES ON HIS SIDE OF THE TRACKS, TOO...AND NOT ONLY BETWEEN THE EARS!

The 3 MONKEYTEERS

BY
ED GOGGIN
and
SCOTT FELDMAN

NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT! I GOT ALL YOU GUYS
HERE FOR A MEETING BECAUSE WE AIN'T BEEN
DOING MUCH BUSINESS LATELY AND I DON'T
LIKE IT - SEE ? FROM NOW ON WE'RE GONNA
DO PLENTY OF FANCY THIEVIN'!



AND YOU BRATS - YOU'RE IN MY
POWER NOW, AND DON'T
FORGET IT! I'M GONNA
USE YOU -
YEHUDI -
FIRST!



HERE! TAKE THIS
TOMMY GUN AND
GO ALONG WITH
FLIPPER AND
SQUINT!



C'MON, PUNK, C'MON!
WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, KID...
NERVOUS?

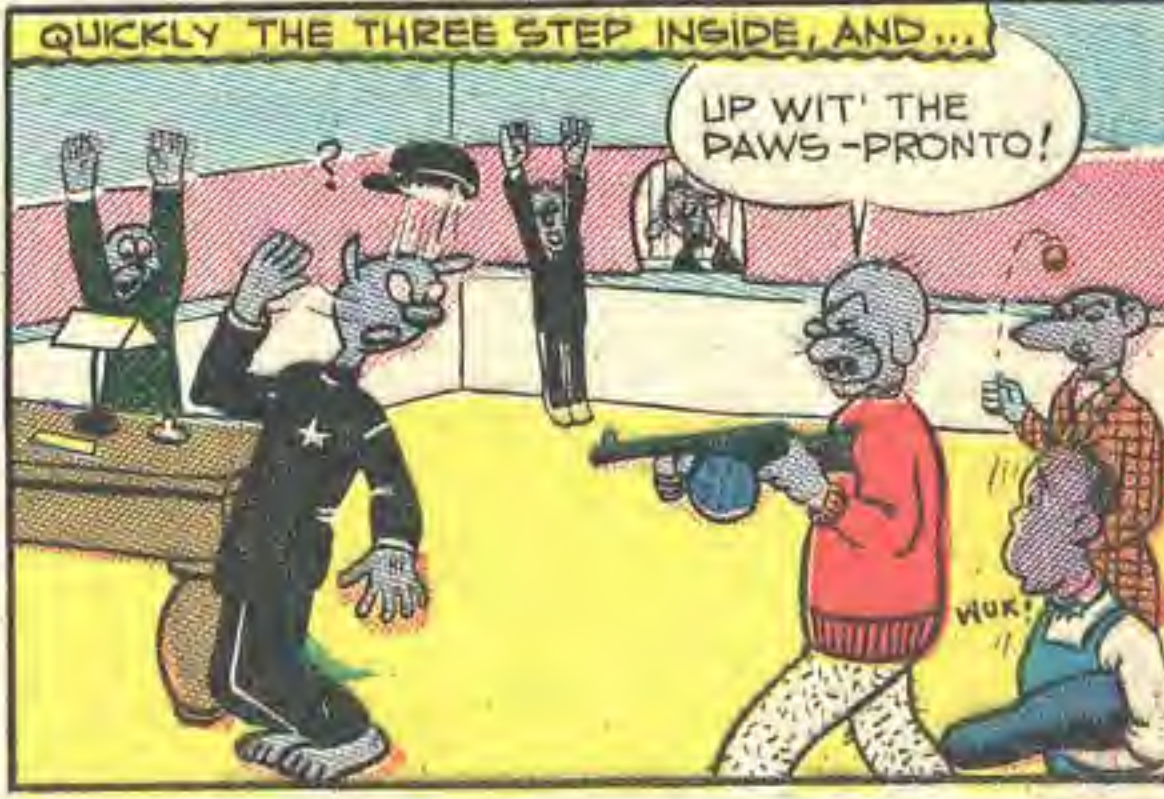
A...A...LITTLE, MR.
FLIPPER! DO YOU
H-HAVE TO KEEP
TOSSING THAT
COIN?

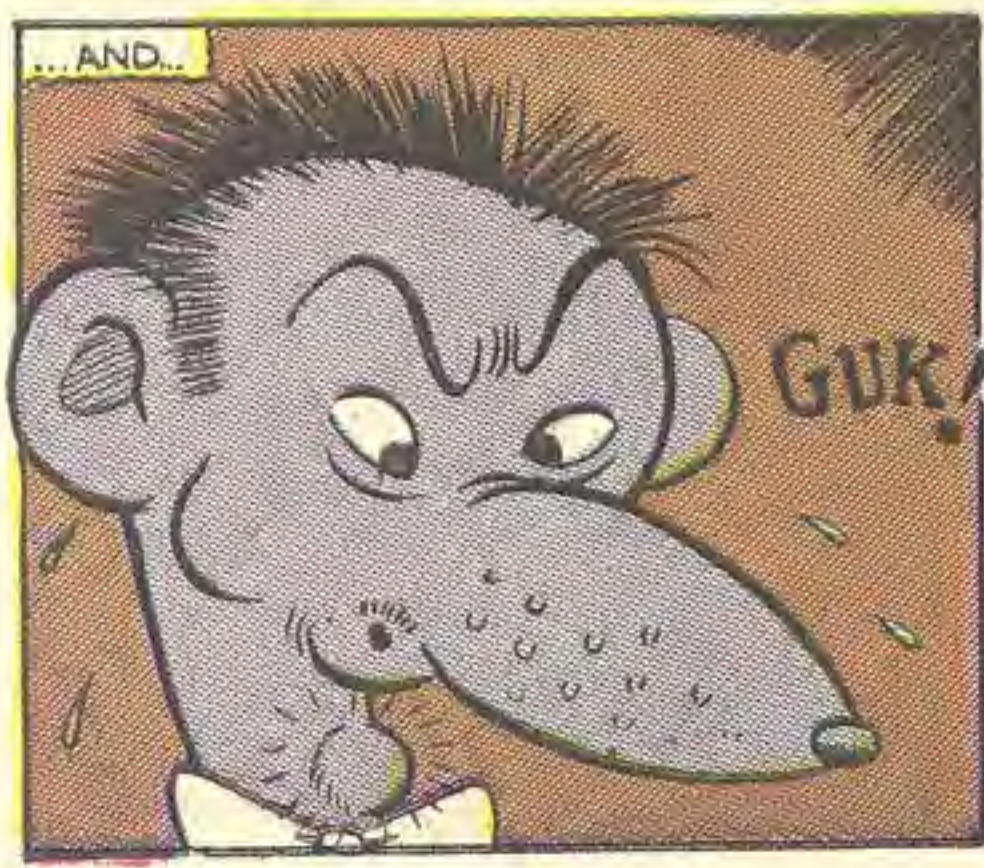
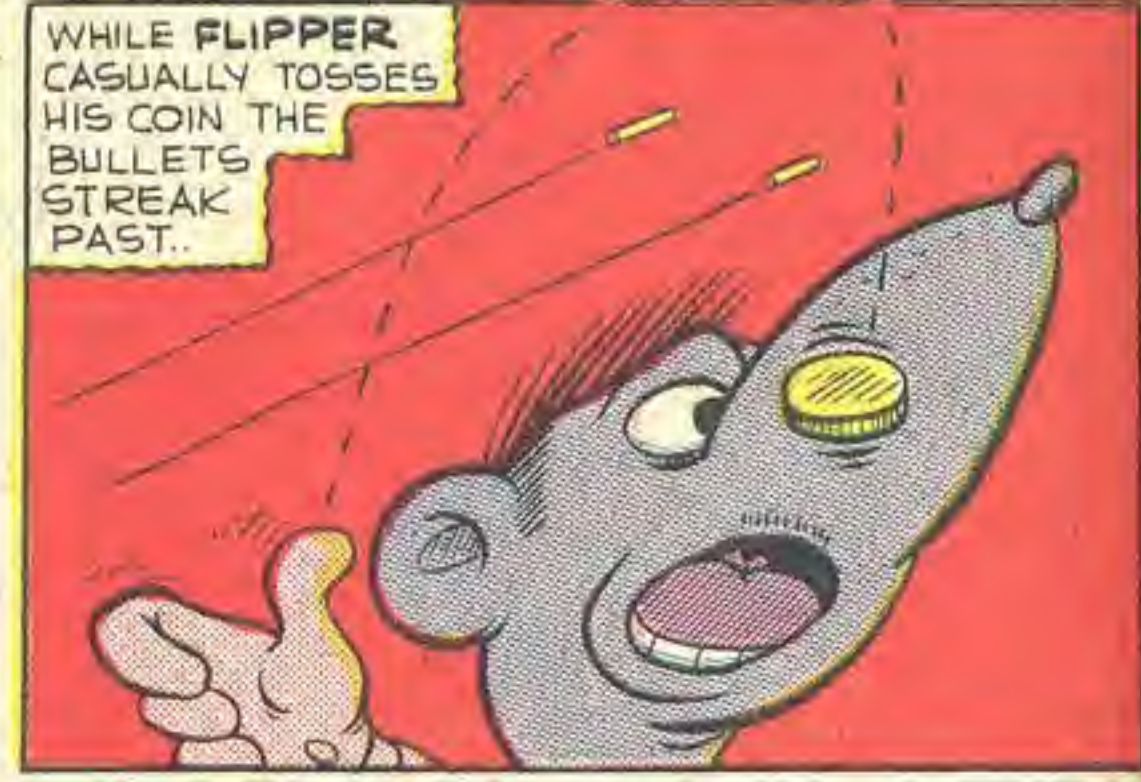
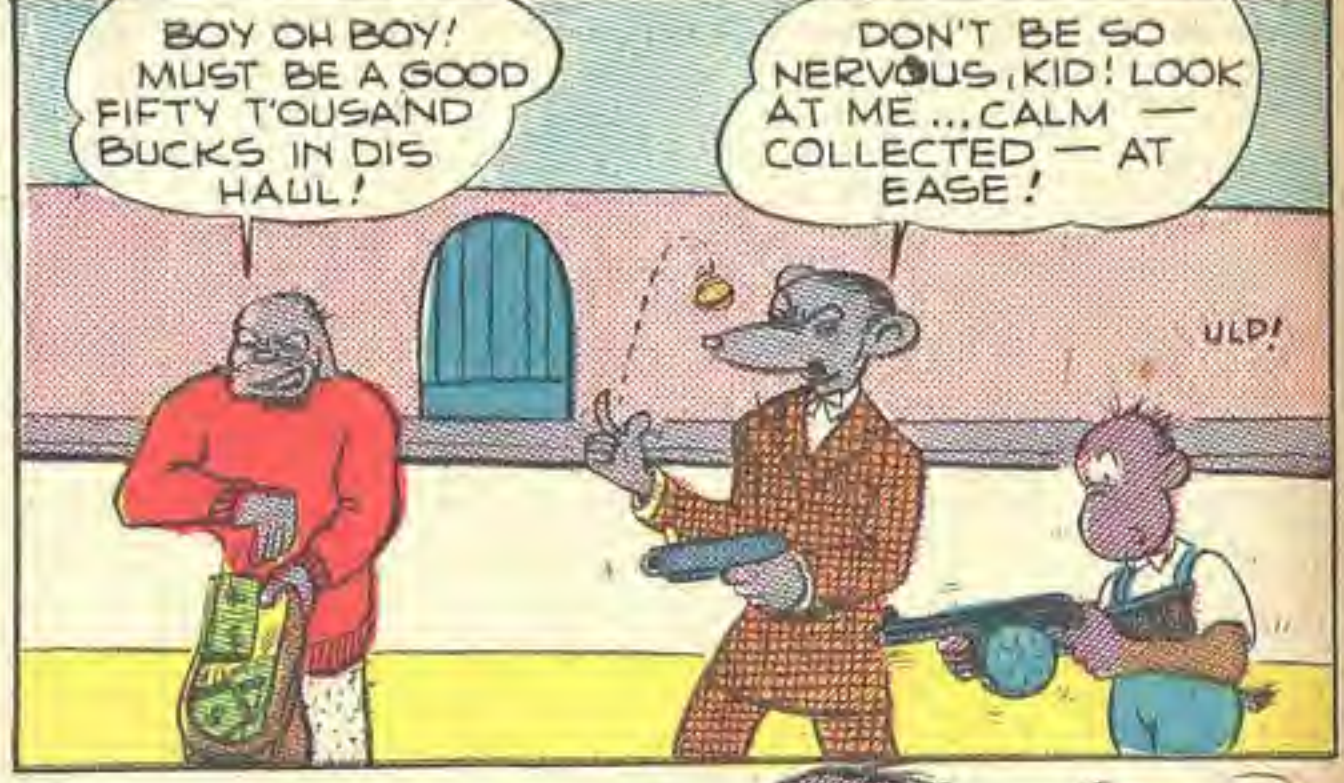
CUT DE
GAB, GUYS!
DIS IS DE
JOINT!



QUICKLY THE THREE STEP INSIDE, AND...

UP WIT' THE
PAWS - PRONTO!





FOR MILES THE GANGSTERS RUN, WITH YEHUDI (AND THE MOUSE IN HIS PANTS) STILL BEHIND THEM...



DON'T STOP ...NOW... THE BRAT'S... STILL... SHOOTIN'!



WE MUST ...BE DOIN' ...SIXTY... MILES AN ...HOUR!

AND THEN... THAT GUY MOVES TOO FAST! I CAN'T GET ANY SLEEP IN THERE! I'M SCRAMMING!



HE'S OUT! GEE! HOW MUCH BETTER MY..... UH... I FEEL!



WHEW! THE BRAT'S QUIT!

BOY, AM I TIRED!

SUDDENLY...



WELL - IF IT ISN'T SQUINT AND FLIPPER! THE CHIEF'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS AGAIN!



WE'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GRAB THOSE LUGS FOR MONTHS, SON! YER A BRAVE LAD AND WE'LL SEE THAT YER WELL-REWARDED FOR CAPTURING 'EM!



THANKS, FELLA!



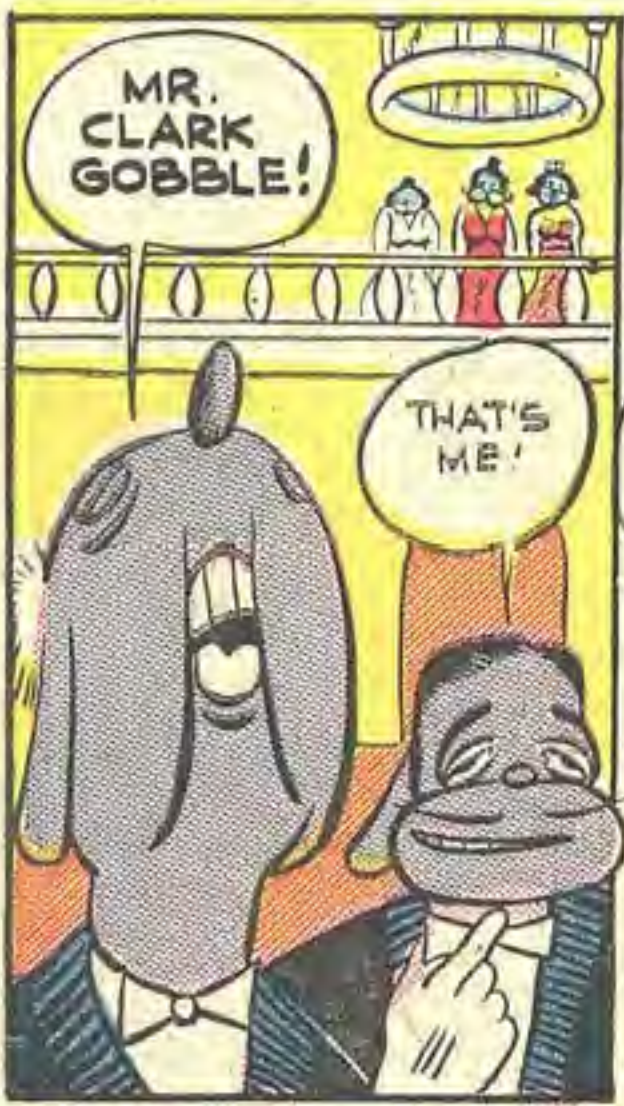
QUITE ALL RIGHT, BUD! ANYTHING FOR A PAL!

AND BACK AT FAGIN'S HIDEOUT...

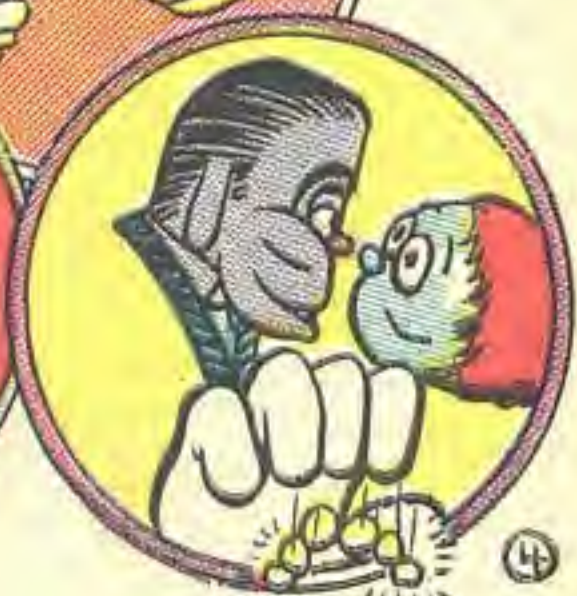


WHERE ARE THOSE !!??*# GUYS? THEY'RE SIX HOURS OVERDUE!

WHY WAIT, FAGIN, OLD BOY? WHY NOT... AHTURN ME LOOSE?



AND SO ON THROUGH THE NIGHT...



UNTIL FINALLY CLARK GOBBLE LURES THE ULTRA-RICH DOGFACE REPULSIVE HERSELF ONTO THE VERANDAH...

(SIGH) AND YOU AREN'T JUST CALLING ME BEAUTIFUL JUST TO FLATTER ME, ARE YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, MY DOG-FACED LOVELY!

GAD WHAT A HORROR!

...AND DO YOU REALLY THINK I LOOK LIKE VERONICA LAKE?

BETCHA LIFE I DO!

THE STUFF CONTINUES TO POUR DOWN...

NOW TO FINISH OFF BY LIFTING THIS CROWN THING!

TEE HEE HEE

OH! OH! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING! DOGFACE'S FROWEY MOP IS A WIG...

OH! GOLLY! NOW HE'S GONE AND DONE IT!

I MUST LOOK SIMPLY RAVISHING TO-NIGHT! I'LL PAT MY HAIR AND GEE IF IT'S ON STRAIGHT!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

YAAAAAAAHH! MY PERSONALITY'S GONE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

GET GOING, KID! THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE!

YES, MR. GOBBLE!

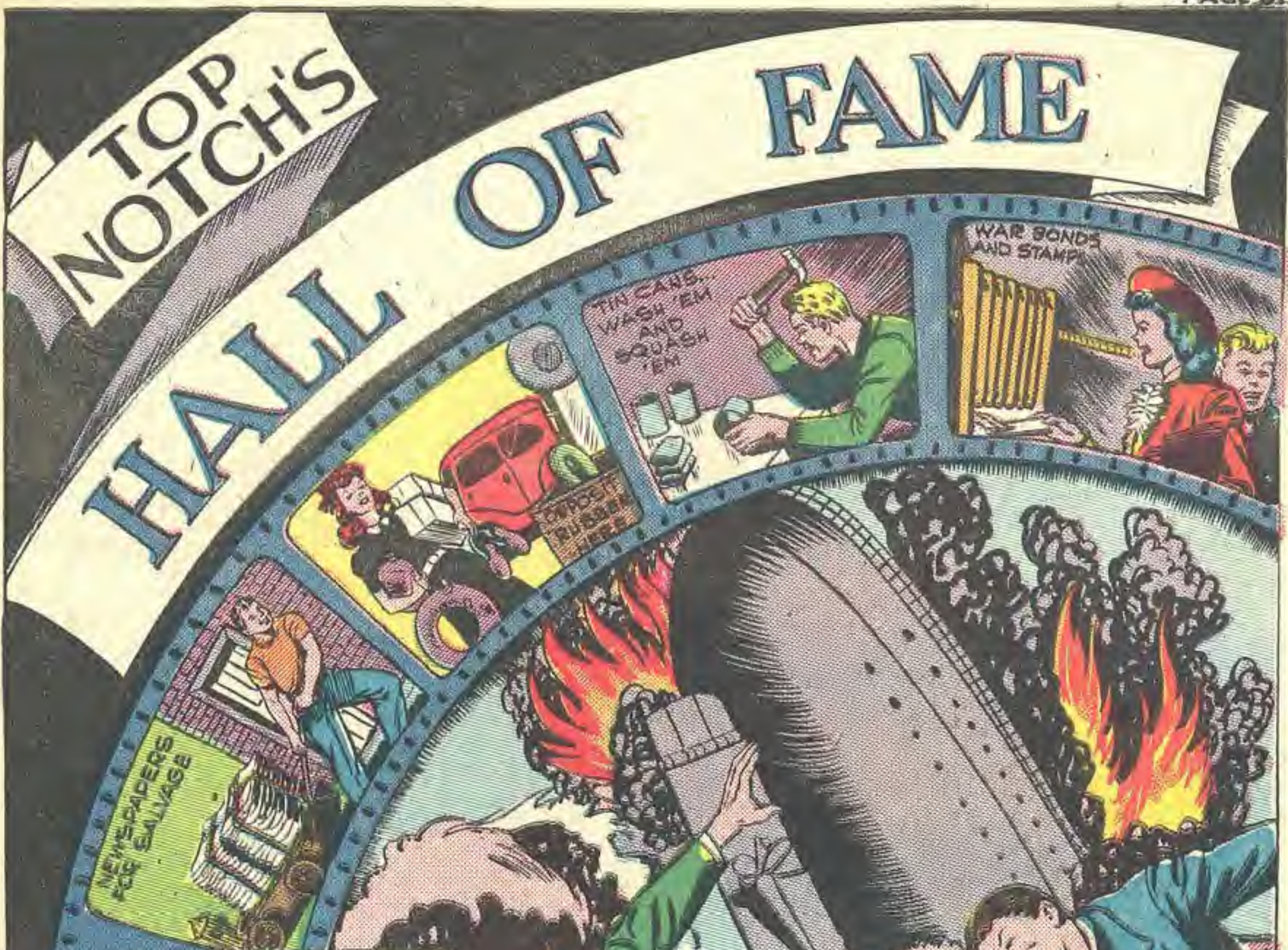
FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, THE CAR SPEEDS IN EVERY DIRECTION...



AND THEN, SUDDENLY...



FAGIN MEANS BUSINESS AND IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD FOR SMALL FRY! WHAT HAPPENS NOW? YOU'LL FIND OUT BY READING THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS



BOYS AND GIRLS ALL OVER AMERICA ARE DOING THEIR BIT TO BLITZ OUR ENEMIES! BUT TO FRANK SIMONS, FIRST BOY HERO OF THIS WAR, GO THE PALMS OF TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME! FRANK ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING ANY BOY OR GIRL WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE DONE..... HE RISKED HIS VERY LIFE FOR FREEDOM!



COOPER



MANCHESTER... CITY OF TEEMING THOUSANDS IN THE INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF ENGLAND — IS THE HOME OF...



PLEASE TELL ME, MOTHER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S THIS
LETTER, FRANK! I
CAN'T READ IT
TO YOU!



...THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY
REGRETS TO INFORM
YOU OF THE SAD...
GOOD LORD! FATHER'S
REPORTED MISSING!



BUT BEFORE THE
GRIEVING FAMILY
CAN COLLECT THEIR
THOUGHTS...
LOOK, MOTHER...
ENEMY
PLANES!



DRONING THROUGH THE SKY
COME SQUADRONS OF HEINKEL
BOMBERS...



...AND IN A BRIEF
MOMENT TONS OF
TERROR ARE UN-
LEASHED UPON THE
UNSUSPECTING POP-
ULACE...



HOURS LATER, THE
UNDEFENDED CITY IS LEFT A
MOUND OF SMOULDERING
ASHES! A LONE FIGURE
SEARCHES THROUGH THE
RUBBLE...



I CAN'T FIND HER!
MOM'S DEAD AND FATHER'S
MISSING...WHAT CAN I DO?



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - AND THAT'S TO FIGHT!!! I'LL AVENGE THEIR DEATHS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE DOCKS...

RIGHTO! ME PIPE-SMOKIN' MATEY AND MYSELF WILL BE ON BOARD IN THE MORNING!

FINE! WE NEED MEN.... NEXT!



HMM! AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, LAD?

TWENTY-ONE, SIR!



GIVE ME THAT HAT... WHY, YOU'RE ONLY A BOY! I CAN'T SIGN YOU ON FOR SEA-DUTY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!



PLEASE, SIR! PLEASE TAKE ME ON AS A CABIN-BOY... ANYTHING... THE NAZIS GOT BOTH MY PARENTS... I MUST DO MY BIT, SIR, PLEASE!

HMM... YOU'VE GOT THE SPIRIT ALL RIGHT!.. REPORT HERE IN THE MORNING!



AND THE NEXT DAY FRANK FINDS HIMSELF ABOARD A SHIP... DESTINATION - UNKNOWN... CARGO - SECRET WAR MATERIAL

HELLO, THERE. I'M FRANK SIMONS - WHO ARE YOU?



JUST CALL ME SID! I'M YOUR BUNKMATE!



DAYS PASS... AND ONE AFTERNOON, HIS DUTIES FOR THE DAY OVER... FRANK WANDERS UP TO THE HELM...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE ALWAYS ON DUTY, CAPTAIN?

SO LONG AS WE'RE IN THE DANGER ZONE, I'M AT THE WHEEL, FRANK!



DO YOU MIND IF I HELP YOU KEEP THE LOOKOUT, SIR?

NOT AT ALL! STOW YOUR BAGGAGE ON HERE!



BUT FRANK IS TIRED FROM THE DAY'S STRENUOUS LABOR, AND SOON...

Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z



TAKE OVER FOR ME, MATE, WHILE I TAKE FRANK BACK TO HIS BUNK!

AYE AYE, CAPTAIN!



THERE WE ARE, MY BOY! IT'LL BE A LONG WHILE BEFORE YOU CAN HOLD YOUR OWN WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A GRIM WARNING OF DOOM IS NOSING OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS. A NAZI SUB...



SECONDS LATER, FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS OF DEATH SPEEDS RELENTLESSLY ON...AND...



IN FRANK'S CABIN...

HEADS UP BELOW! WE'RE BEING HIT!



COME ON, GID! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE SHE GOES DOWN!

GREAT GUNS - WE'RE SINKING LIKE A BAG OF LEAD!



HURRY UP, FRANK, AND CLIMB IN! ONLY THREE MORE BOATS TO GO!



WAIT A SEC... S-A-Y WHERE'S SID?



FRANK TURNS AND RUNS BACK INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED QUARTERS BELOW...



SID! SID! WHERE ARE YOU?

SO THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN KEEPING YOU! EASY, AND I'LL HAVE THIS BUNK OFF YOUR LEG IN A MINUTE!



GOOD, ONE BOAT LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO PACK SID INTO IT! G-GOGH HE'S HEAVY... GIVE ME A HAND, MEN!



POOR KID! HIS FOOT'S BEEN CRUSHED!

LOWER AWAY!



THAT VERY MOMENT, THE GREAT SHIP REARS INTO THE AIR, AND CONVULSIVELY SINKS... DOWN... DOWN...

JUMP, FRANK, JUMP! WE'RE PULLING AWAY FAST BEFORE SHE SINKS!



HOPE I DON'T GET SUCKED UNDER BY THE UNDER-TOW!



AS THE MIGHTY SHIP CAREENS TO THE BOTTOM, FRANK IS SPUN MADLY INTO THE CHURNING WATER...



A LIFE-BOAT ROPE! JUST WHAT THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ORDERED!



HAND OVER HAND FRANK PULLS HIMSELF UP...



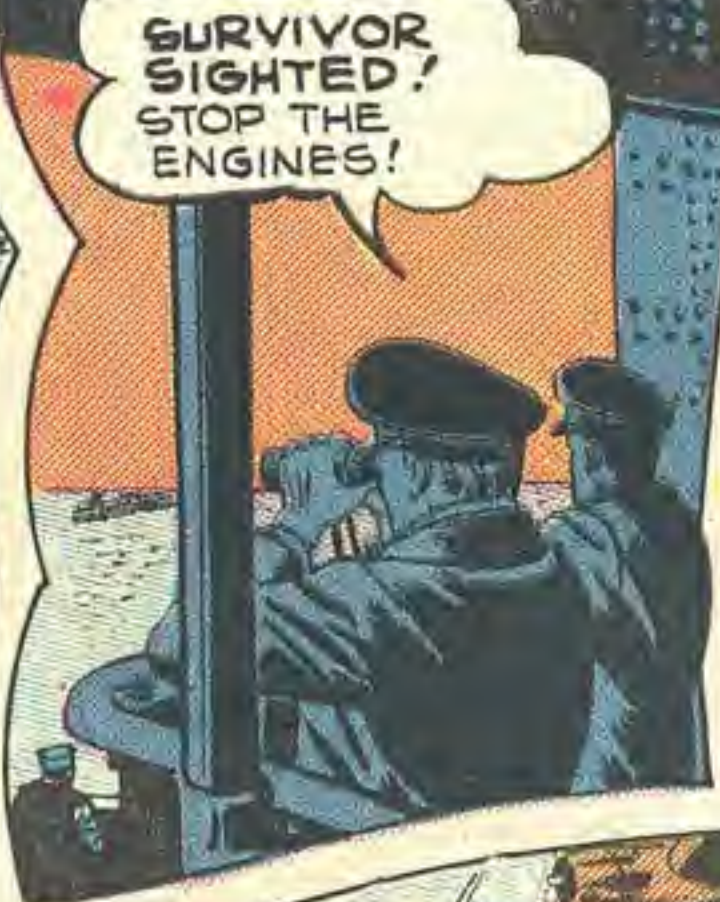
AND FINALLY...

I MADE IT! ... AN OVER TURNED LIFE BOAT! I'LL HANG ON AS LONG AS SHE STAYS AFLOAT! GOT TO!



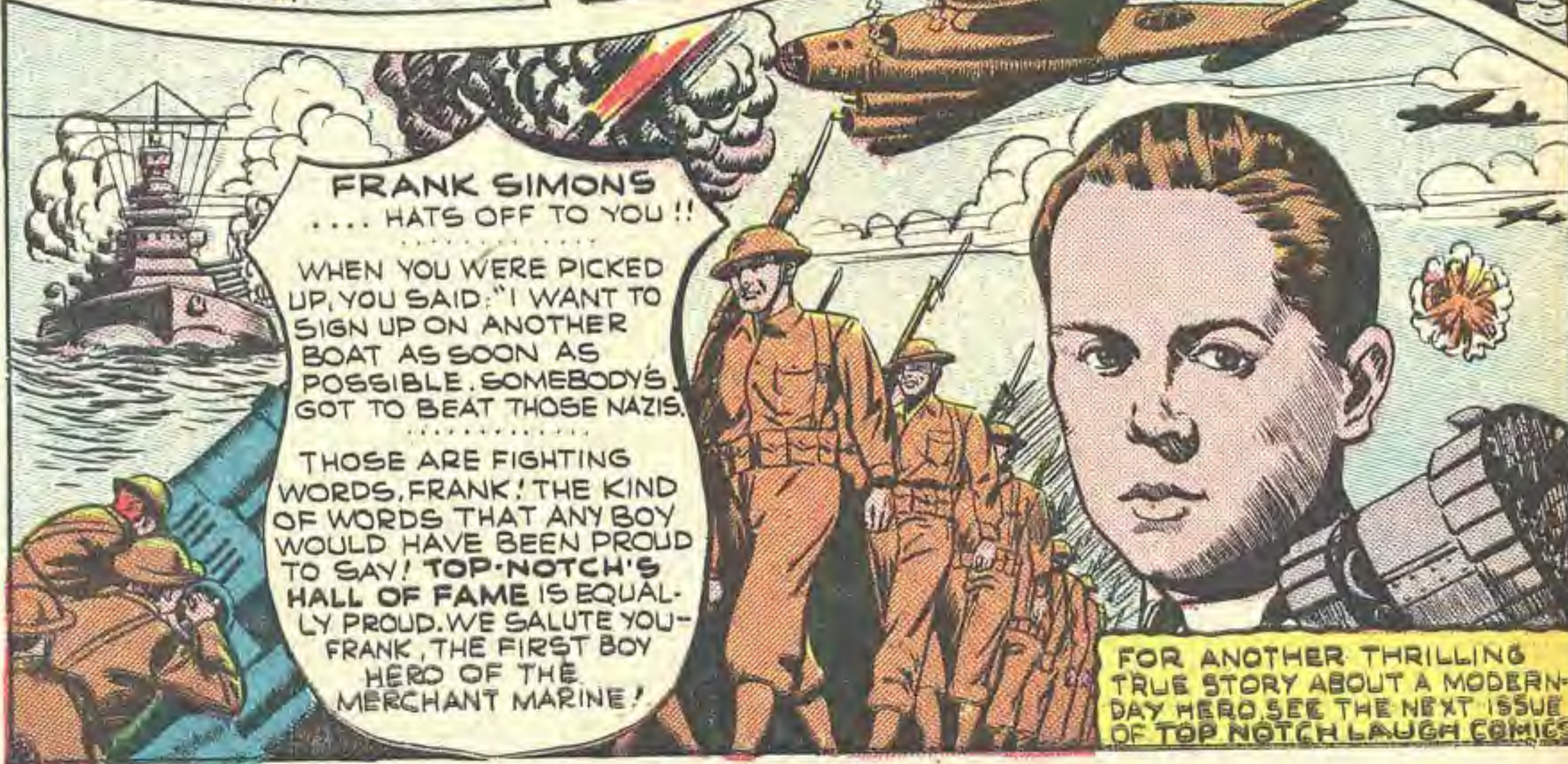
DAYS LATER...

SURVIVOR SIGHTED! STOP THE ENGINES!



AND THUS THE RESCUER IS RESCUED.

WHY, IT'S ONLY A BOY! HE MUST'VE BEEN FLOATING FOR DAYS!



FRANK SIMONS
.... HATS OFF TO YOU !!

WHEN YOU WERE PICKED UP, YOU SAID: "I WANT TO SIGN UP ON ANOTHER BOAT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO BEAT THOSE NAZIS."

THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS, FRANK! THE KIND OF WORDS THAT ANY BOY WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD TO SAY! TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME IS EQUALLY PROUD. WE SALUTE YOU-FRANK, THE FIRST BOY HERO OF THE MERCHANT MARINE!

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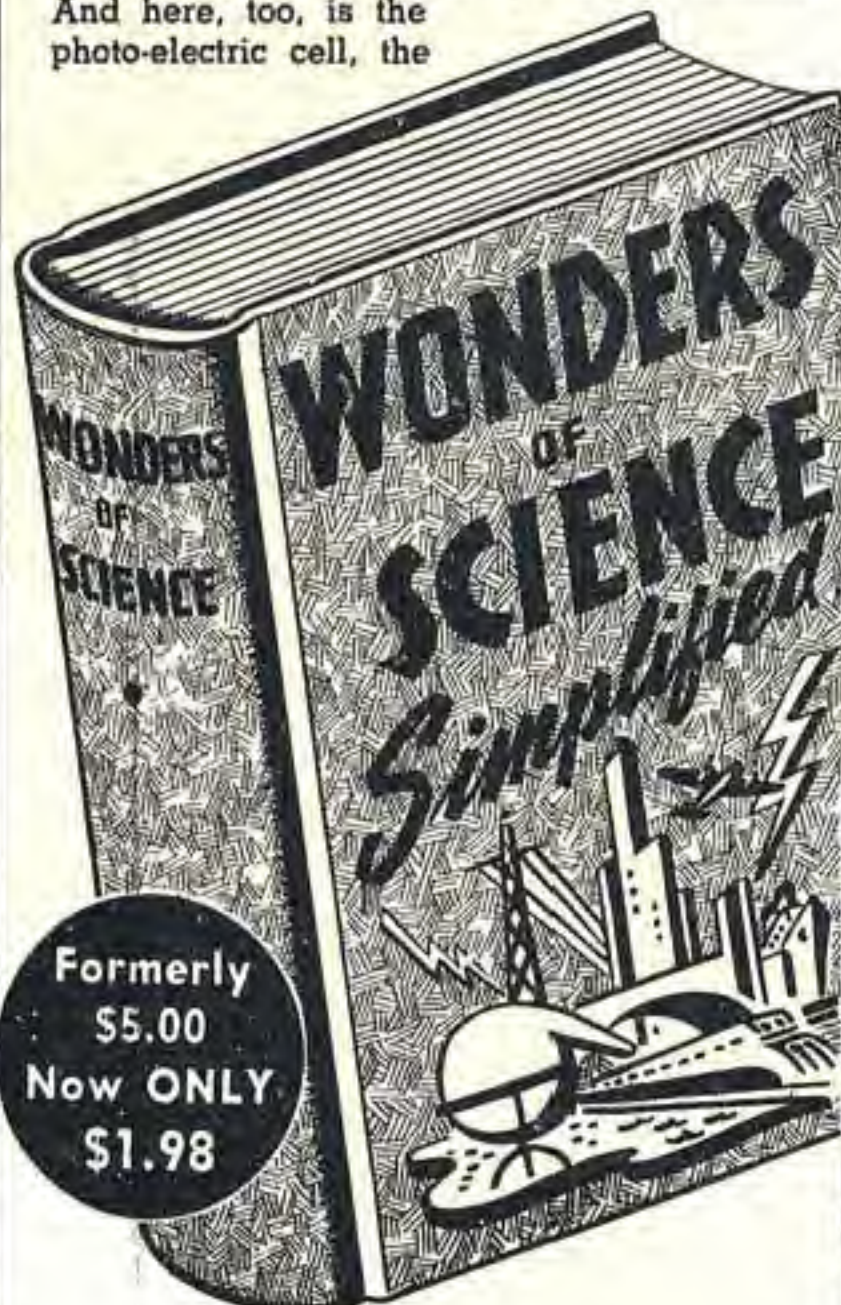
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